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RICHARD  
III**

**WILLIAM  
SHAKESPEARE**

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The Teaching of English Series

Shakespeare's  
KING RICHARD II

No. 31



RICHARD THE SECOND

*From a pen drawing by E. Heber  
Thompson after the contemporary  
painting in Westminster Abbey*

SHAKESPEARE'S  
KING RICHARD II

Edited by  
HENRY NEWBOLT

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## PREFACE

THIS series is planned with one simple aim in view—to make the reading of Shakespeare's plays as easy and straightforward as possible.

Notes are reduced to the smallest compass. First, in order that the reader's imagination may have definite material to work with, the Introduction contains a suggestion of the dress and appearance of the characters: and when practicable (as it is in the case of *Richard II.*) illustrations are given. Second, the text, which is presented without any further preliminary, is accompanied by footnotes which form a Glossary of obsolete or misleading words.

The play may therefore be read at first sight without let or hindrance—without even the delay and distraction which would be caused by turning to a later page for such merely necessary explanations. But there will be many for whom, if not at a first reading yet perhaps at a second, something further may be desirable—a bit of historical information, a paraphrase of a difficult passage, or the clearing up of a confused metaphor. To supply these, and to supply them at the right time, is the object of the brief notes placed immediately after the text.

Fourth, and last, comes a causerie in several divisions: offering, for any who are studiously inclined, a short commentary; marking the place of this particular drama in Shakespeare's career; tracing its importance in his poetic development; estimating its artistic value; and suggesting a number of other questions on which an intelligent student might reflect with pleasure.

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# INTRODUCTION

## NOTE ON COSTUME

IN order to keep before the mind's eye an image of the appearance and gestures of the characters, we must make certain decisions before beginning to read. First, we must accept from Shakespeare his account of their personal temperament and qualities, whether historical or not ; and in particular the new creation of an aged Gaunt, a living mother of Aumerle, a Bolingbroke and a Mowbray both over forty, and a grown-up Queen. The rest may be taken at their historical ages : the royal Dukes and Northumberland between fifty and sixty, Richard thirty-one, Aumerle his contemporary, Surrey twenty-four. Sir John Bushy, Sir William Bagot, and Sir Henry Green, described as "servants to King Richard," were in fact Privy Councillors and Ministers : they were probably therefore past middle age. As to personal appearance, beards were not uncommon among the nobles, but they were generally short, and it was becoming the fashion to wear them divided into two small points, as seen on the recumbent statue of Richard in Westminster Abbey. The dress of the time was extravagantly rich in colour, material, and embroidery. When not in armour, the great nobles in this play may be imagined as wearing tight silk hose, laced at the waist to a short under-coat, and over all a gown or mantle falling to the feet, with edges slittered or jagged in fantastic patterns, and very long sleeves lined with brighter colours. For hats they wear turbans, not evenly rolled like any of the Eastern turbans, but made in various shapes by bundling up the loose hood and fastening it with a brooch. Bolingbroke alone, coming fresh from France, is distinguished by a tall black silk hat, brimless, and expanding towards the crown : this he wears when in armour and also in Parliament.

The ladies wear hoods out of doors : indoors their



NOBLEMEN'S COSTUME OF TIME OF RICHARD II.



LADIES' COSTUME OF TIME OF RICHARD II.

## INTRODUCTION

hair is seen to be closely bound with a gold fret or net, and over it a chaplet, or a small coronet, of goldsmith's work. Their dress is a long full skirt with a tight bodice and a closely fitting jacket over it, deeply edged with fur : or an over-mantle like a sleeveless pinafore, edged with fur and showing the kirtle beneath only at the sides and sleeves.

The armour of the period was of bright plate over chain-mail, but was only partly visible, the body being covered by a sleeveless surcoat, with sword-belt round the hips. The neck and shoulders were protected by a *camail* of chain-mail, and over this was fastened the *basinet*, the composite helmet which had superseded the heavier solid *heaume*. Its most distinguishing feature was the new form of the movable visor or *ventail*, which was drawn out to a long sharp point like a snout, to afford the wearer more breathing space.

The "soldiers" were archers, in scarlet or green, with steel body armour and cap ; or "pole-axe-men" with long steel-headed halberds. Civilians wore long hose with short close-fitting coats, but are generally represented with cloak and hood over these.

It is, of course, certain that no accuracy of costume for historical persons was ever attempted or imagined in the theatre as Shakespeare knew it. From *Henslowe's Diary* we know something of the Elizabethan stage properties : such as motley for Fools, full armour for the Ghost in *Hamlet*, or for Henry V. at Agincourt, rich gowns for foreign potentates like Tamburlaine ; and we may infer that Scottish dress was used in the scene where Macbeth says of a stranger entering : "My countryman, and yet I know him not." But, even with much fuller information, we should have no reason for laying aside our own historical knowledge in favour of the practice of Shakespeare and his producers : what we need is a clear, credible, and consistent set of images, whether we think of the characters as acted upon the stage, or as real persons in the living

## INTRODUCTION

world created by Shakespeare. The images for this play must be such as to support the historical record of the brilliant and fantastic extravagance of the time ; and in particular Richard's own more artistic love of colour, symbolism, and pageantry—a characteristic most important to the plot.

### NOTE ON STAGING

THE reader is free, as we have said, to imagine the *dramatis personæ* either in their appropriate historical costume, or in the Elizabethan unhistorical substitute for it ; but in the case of the staging he has no such choice. He must from the beginning be familiar with the Shakespearean theatre and stage devices, because from them the play took its form and its characteristic advantages. The modern dramatist has learned to study economy : his public demands elaborate and costly scenery, and much of what he gives in splendour he must save in variety. He limits himself to four Acts, with only one set of scenery for each : in each there may be many " scenes," but they must all take place successively on the same piece of ground or in the same room. The plot, therefore, must be constructed ingeniously, and will often be so artificial as to violate probability. The Elizabethan playwright was able to follow a very different principle : he could make his character-groups, whether in tournaments, palaces, wild hills, camps, castles, streets, death-chambers, or dungeons, follow one another in unlimited variety, in the natural order of the story, and in the scenery (presented or suggested) which properly belonged to them.

For this freedom he too had to forego something—he was restricted to a visible scenery so rudimentary as hardly to suggest the name at all. But this was no sacrifice—he could not be said to give up what he had never possessed or imagined. From the very first it



### THE FORTUNE THEATRE

(With acknowledgment to the publishers of "Shakespeare's England.")

had been the play that was the thing, and not the setting. The playhouse was the interior courtyard of an inn, surrounded by rooms and balconies overlooking it: the travelling company would put up a wooden platform at one end, and use the room or rooms immediately behind this stage as a greenroom, with entrances and exits through the existing doors or windows. The cheap places for the audience were the standing room in the courtyard, in front of the stage and at its sides—for it projected some way and did not fill the whole width of the open space. The more costly

## INTRODUCTION

seats were in the rooms and balconies, under cover. No lights were needed, for the performances were all matinees and the greater part of the stage was in full daylight.

This was practically all, until near the time of Shakespeare's arrival in London. By 1594 there was one building known as "The Theatre," and it was at "The Theatre or the other places about Newington" that *Richard II.* was probably in that year produced. From 1598 onwards this and Shakespeare's other plays were seen at the Globe, a theatre built like an O: that is, either round or oval. We have no picture of this, but all its important features will be found in the accompanying illustration, which reproduces a drawing of the Fortune Theatre (1600), made from the contract for the building.

At the sides of the stage will be seen two doors for entrances and exits: between them is a wider opening, through which an inner stage is visible, and this would conveniently represent a room when required. When the scene takes place out of doors the "traverse," or curtain, would be drawn across and would shut off the inner stage. Immediately outside the traverse is the middle stage, a space covered in by a high building which is supported on two wooden pillars, and contains a simple room where cannon bullets, could be rolled across the floor when thunder was needed. In the floor of this loft was a trap-door, from which, on occasion, angels or Ariels could come down from "the heavens." Lastly—and this is particularly important for *Richard II.*—there is a balcony—from which the traverse hangs—with curtained windows giving access to it from inside. This is used to represent all towers and battlements. In our play (Act III., Scene iii.) it stands for the battlements of Flint Castle, from which the King with his remnant of a Court parleys with Bolingbroke and his partisans before he descends to meet them in the base court of the castle, then represented by the middle stage. All

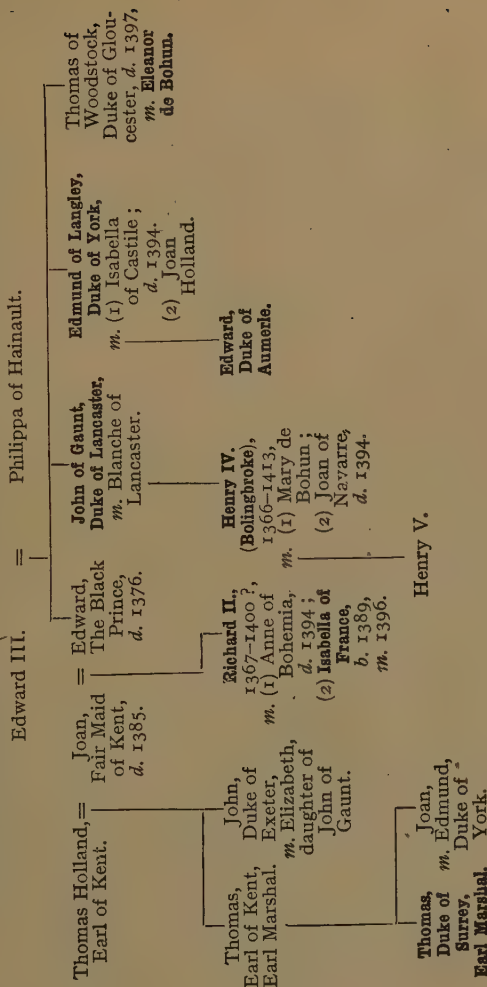
## INTRODUCTION

marches, pageants, and processions must be imagined as passing round the whole outer stage: which is also at times "wild country" or a lonely camp.

While this outer stage was being used, the traverse would be drawn across, and the inner stage could, in case the next scene required it, be set out as a room with any necessary furniture, such as a couch, or chairs. It would therefore be in general a convenient arrangement for "full-stage" scenes to be followed by alternating "front-stage" scenes. In *Richard II.* this alternation is practically observed throughout. There are eighteen scenes. The first (I. i.) is a full-stage scene, the second a front-stage, and so on down to III. iii., which, though it comes immediately after a full-stage scene, demands the full stage again, because of the necessity for using the balcony for battlements. After this we may suppose III. iv.—the garden scene at Langley—to take the front-stage only: for the dialogue carefully conveys the fact that the speakers are in a garden: a couple of rose trees in pots would have saved the trouble of this. Then IV. i. carries on the alternation, which is correct to the end, if we reckon V. iii. and V. iv. one scene—as they are in reality, for there is no break. The Yorks and Bolingbroke go out of the room: Exton and the Servant enter: but the original stage directions, in the Quarto and Folio, mark no new scene—the numbering "Scene iv." is a modern innovation.

It should also be noted that in the original editions of the play, Quarto and Folio, there are few and scanty indications of the places in which the scenes are laid: "The Palace," "A Room," "Open Space," "A Camp," "A Garden," is generally all that we are given. In the present edition the fuller description of the scenes has been supplied from Holinshed, or from internal evidence—as in Act V., Scene i., where the first two lines tell us that "A Street" means a street in London near the Tower.

# TABLE SHOWING RELATIONSHIP OF THE HISTORICAL PERSONS IN THE PLAY



## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

KING RICHARD THE SECOND.

JOHN OF GAUNT, *Duke of Lancaster*,  
EDMUND OF LANGLEY, *Duke of York*, } *uncles to the King.*

HENRY, *surnamed BOLINGBROKE, Duke of Hereford*, son  
to John of Gaunt : afterwards KING HENRY IV.

DUKE OF AUMERLE, son to the Duke of York.

THOMAS MOWBRAY, *Duke of Norfolk*.

DUKE OF SURREY, *Earl Marshal*.

EARL OF SALISBURY.

LORD BERKELEY.

BUSHY, }  
BAGOT, } *servants to King Richard.*  
GREEN, }

EARL OF NORTHUMBERLAND.

HENRY PERCY, *surnamed Hotspur* his son.

LORD ROSS.

LORD WILLOUGHBY.

LORD FITZWATER.

BISHOP OF CARLISLE.

ABBOT OF WESTMINSTER.

LORD MARSHAL.

SIR PIERCE of *Exton*.

SIR STEPHEN SCROOP.

Captain of a band of Welshmen.

QUEEN to King Richard.

DUCHESS OF GLOUCESTER.

DUCHESS OF YORK.

Lady attending on the Queen.

Lords, Heralds, Officers, Soldiers, two Gardeners,  
Keeper, Messenger, Groom, and other Attendants.

SCENE : *Dispersedly in England and Wales.*

# THE TRAGEDY OF KING RICHARD II

## ACT I

### SCENE I

*A Courtyard in Windsor Castle.*

[*Enter KING RICHARD, JOHN OF GAUNT, with other Nobles and Attendants.*]

*K. Rich.* Old John of Gaunt, time-honour'd Lancaster,

Hast thou, according to thy oath and band,  
Brought hither Henry Hereford thy bold son,  
Here to make good the boisterous late appeal,  
Which then our leisure would not let us hear,  
Against the Duke of Norfolk, Thomas Mowbray?

*Gaunt.* I have, my liege.

*K. Rich.* Tell me, moreover, hast thou sounded him,  
If he appeal the duke on ancient malice ;  
10 Or worthily, as a good subject should,  
On some known ground of treachery in him ?

*Gaunt.* As near as I could sift him on that argument,  
On some apparent danger seen in him  
Aim'd at your highness, no inveterate malice.

*K. Rich.* Then call them to our presence ; face to  
face,  
And frowning brow to brow, ourselves will hear  
The accuser and the accused freely speak :

2. *Band*, Promise (bond). 7. *Liege*, Lord to whom allegiance is due.

High-stomach'd are they both, and full of ire,  
In rage deaf as the sea, hasty as fire.

[*Enter BOLINGBROKE and MOWBRAY.*]

20 *Boling.* Many years of happy days befall  
My gracious sovereign, my most loving liege !

*Mow.* Each day still better other's happiness ;  
Until the heavens, envying earth's good hap,  
Add an immortal title to your crown !

*K. Rich.* We thank you both : yet one but flatters us,  
As well appeareth by the cause you come ;  
Namely, to appeal each other of high treason.  
Cousin of Hereford, what dost thou object  
Against the Duke of Norfolk, Thomas Mowbray ?

30 *Boling.* First, heaven be the record to my speech !  
In the devotion of a subject's love,

Tendering the precious safety of my prince,  
And free from other misbegotten hate,  
Come I appellant to this princely presence.  
Now, Thomas Mowbray, do I turn to thee,  
And mark my greeting well ; for what I speak  
My body shall make good upon this earth,  
Or my divine soul answer it in heaven.

Thou art a traitor and a miscreant,  
40 Too good to be so, and too bad to live,  
Since the more fair and crystal is the sky,  
The uglier seem the clouds that in it fly.  
Once more, the more to aggravate the note,  
With a foul traitor's name stuff I thy throat ;  
And wish, so please my sovereign, ere I move,  
What my tongue speaks my right drawn sword may  
prove.

*Mow.* Let not my cold words here accuse my zeal :  
'Tis not the trial of a woman's war,  
The bitter clamour of two eager tongues,  
50 Can arbitrate this cause betwixt us twain ;

23. *Hap*, Luck.

32. *Tendering*, Caring for.

43. *Aggravate the note*, Intensify the reproach.

The blood is hot that must be cool'd for this :  
 Yet can I not of such tame patience boast  
 As to be hush'd and nought at all to say :  
 First, the fair reverence of your highness curbs me  
 From giving reins and spurs to my free speech :  
 Which else would post until it had return'd  
 These terms of treason doubled down his throat.

Setting aside his high blood's royalty,  
 And let him be no kinsman to my liege,  
 60 I do defy him, and I spit at him ;  
 Call him a slanderous coward and a villain :  
 Which to maintain I would allow him odds,  
 And meet him, were I tied to run afoot  
 Even to the frozen ridges of the Alps,  
 Or any other ground inhabitable,  
 Where ever Englishman durst set his foot.  
 Mean time let this defend my loyalty,  
 By all my hopes, most falsely doth he lie.

*Boling.* Pale trembling coward, there I throw my  
 gage,

70 Disclaiming here the kindred of the king ;  
 And lay aside my high blood's royalty,  
 Which fear, not reverence, makes thee to except.  
 If guilty dread have left thee so much strength  
 As to take up mine honour's pawn, then stoop :  
 By that and all the rites of knighthood else,  
 Will I make good against thee, arm to arm,  
 What I have spoke, or thou canst worse devise.

*Mow.* I take it up ; and by that sword I swear,  
 Which gently laid my knighthood on my shoulder,  
 80 I'll answer thee in any fair degree,  
 Or chivalrous design of knightly trial :  
 And when I mount, alive may I not light,  
 If I be traitor or unjustly fight !

*K. Rich.* What doth our cousin lay to Mowbray's  
 charge ?

56. *Post*, Ride post, hasten.

72. *Except*, Object to.

65. *Inhabitable*, Not habitable.

74. *Pawn*, Pledge.

It must be great that can inherit us  
So much as of a thought of ill in him.

*Boling.* Look, what I speak, my life shall prove it true; *Embezzlement of King's m.*

That Mowbray hath received eight thousand nobles  
In name of lendings for your highness' soldiers,

90 The which he hath detain'd for lewd employments,  
Like a false traitor and injurious villain.

Besides I say and will in battle prove,

Or here or elsewhere to the furthest verge

That ever was survey'd by English eye,

That all the treasons for these eighteen years

Complotted and contrived in this land

Fetch from false Mowbray their first head and spring.

Further I say, and further will maintain

Upon his bad life to make all this good,

100 That he did plot the Duke of Gloucester's death,

Suggest his soon-believing adversaries,

And consequently, like a traitor coward,

Sluiced out his innocent soul through streams of blood :

Which blood, like sacrificing Abel's, cries,

Even from the tongueless caverns of the earth,

To me for justice and rough chastisement ;

And, by the glorious worth of my descent,

This arm shall do it, or this life be spent.

*K. Rich.* How high a pitch his resolution soars !

110 Thomas of Norfolk, what say'st thou to this ?

*Mow.* O, let my sovereign turn away his face,

And bid his ears a little while be deaf,

Till I have told this slander of his blood,

How God and good men hate so foul a liar.

*K. Rich.* Mowbray, impartial are our eyes and ears :

Were he my brother, nay, my kingdom's heir,

As he is but my father's brother's son,

Now, by my sceptre's awe, I make a vow,

85. *Inherit us*, Make us possessors.

91. *Injurious*, Slanderous.

101. *Suggest*, Prompt. 113. *Slander of*, Discredit to ; *Blood*, Birth.

90. *Lewd*, Base.

93. *Verge*, Horizon.

Such neighbour nearness to our sacred blood  
 120 Should nothing privilege him, nor partialize  
 The unstooping firmness of my upright soul :  
 He is our subject, Mowbray ; so art thou :  
 Free speech and fearless I to thee allow.

*Mow.* Then, Bolingbroke, as low as to thy heart,  
 Through the false passage of thy throat, thou liest.  
 Three parts of that receipt I had for Calais  
 Disbursed I duly to his highness' soldiers ;  
 The other part reserved I by consent,  
 For that my sovereign liege was in my debt  
 130 Upon remainder of a dear account,  
 Since last I went to France to fetch his queen :  
 Now swallow down that lie. For Gloucester's death,  
 I slew him not ; but to my own disgrace  
 Neglected my sworn duty in that case.  
 For you, my noble lord of Lancaster,  
 The honourable father to my foe,  
 Once did I lay an ambush for your life,  
 A trespass that doth vex my grieved soul ;  
 But ere I last received the sacrament  
 140 I did confess it, and exactly begg'd  
 Your grace's pardon, and I hope I had it.  
 This is my fault : as for the rest appeal'd,  
 It issues from the rancour of a villain,  
 A recreant and most degenerate traitor :  
 Which in myself I boldly will defend ;  
 And interchangeably hurl down my gage  
 Upon this overweening traitor's foot,  
 To prove myself a loyal gentleman  
 Even in the best blood chamber'd in his bosom.  
 150 In haste whereof, most heartily I pray  
 Your highness to assign our trial day.

*K. Rich.* Wrath-kindled gentlemen, be ruled by me ;  
 Let's purge this choler without letting blood :  
 This we prescribe, though no physician ;

Deep malice makes too deep incision :  
 Forget, forgive ; conclude and be agreed ;  
 Our doctors say this is no month to bleed.  
 Good uncle, let this end where it begun ;  
 We'll calm the Duke of Norfolk, you your son.

160 *Gaunt.* To be a make-peace shall become my age :  
 Throw down, my son, the Duke of Norfolk's gage.

*K. Rich.* And, Norfolk, throw down his.

*Gaunt.* When, Harry, when ?  
 Obedience bids I should not bid again.

*K. Rich.* Norfolk, throw down, we bid ; there is no  
 boot.

*Mow.* Myself I throw, dread sovereign, at thy foot  
 My life thou shalt command, but not my shame :  
 The one my duty owes ; but my fair name,  
 Despite of death that lives upon my grave,  
 To dark dishonour's use thou shalt not have.

170 I am disgraced, impeach'd and baffled here ;  
 Pierced to the soul with slander's venom'd spear  
 The which no balm can cure but his heart-blood  
 Which breathed this poison.

*K. Rich.* Rage must be withstood :  
 Give me his gage : lions make leopards tame.

*Mow.* Yea, but not change his spots : take but my  
 shame,

And I resign my gage. My dear dear lord,  
 The purest treasure mortal times afford  
 Is spotless reputation : that away,  
 Men are but gilded loam or painted clay.

180 A jewel in a ten-times-barr'd-up chest  
 Is a bold spirit in a loyal breast.

Mine honour is my life ; both grow in one ;  
 Take honour from me, and my life is done :  
 Then, dear my liege, mine honour let me try ;  
 In that I live and for that will I die.

*K. Rich.* Cousin, throw up your gage ; do you begin.

161. *Gage*, Pledge to do battle (a glove).

162. *When*—that is, Be quick !

163. *No boot*, No help for it.

*Boling.* O, God defend my soul from such deep sin !  
 Shall I seem crest-fall'n in my father's sight ?  
 Or with pale beggar-fear impeach my height  
 190 Before this out-dared dastard ? Ere my tongue  
 Shall wound my honour with such feeble wrong,  
 Or sound so base a parle, my teeth shall tear  
 The slavish motive of recanting fear,  
 And spit it bleeding in his high disgrace,  
 Where shame doth harbour, even in Mowbray's face.  
 [Exit GAUNT.]

*K. Rich.* We were not born to sue, but to command ;  
 Which since we cannot do to make you friends,  
 Be ready, as your lives shall answer it,  
 At Coventry, upon Saint Lambert's day :  
 200 There shall your swords and lances arbitrate  
 The swelling difference of your settled hate :  
 Since we can not atone you, we shall see  
 Justice design the victor's chivalry.  
 Lord marshal, command our officers at arms  
 Be ready to direct these home alarms. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II

*The DUKE OF LANCASTER's Palace.*

[Enter JOHN OF GAUNT with the DUCHESS OF  
 GLOUCESTER.]

*Gaunt.* Alas, the part I had in Woodstock's blood  
 Doth more solicit me than your exclaims,  
 To stir against the butchers of his life !  
 But since correction lieth in those hands  
 Which made the fault that we cannot correct,  
 Put we our quarrel to the will of heaven ;

189. *Impeach*, Discredit ; *Height*, rank.  
 193. *Motive*, Moving organ (the tongue).  
 203. *Design*, Point out.

192. *Parle*, Truce.  
 202. *Atone*, Reconcile.  
 1. *Blood*, Murder.

Who, when they see the hours ripe on earth,  
Will rain hot vengeance on offenders' heads.

- Duch.* Finds brotherhood in thee no sharper spur ?  
 10 Hath love in thy old blood no living fire ?  
 Edward's seven sons, whereof thyself art one,  
 Were as seven vials of his sacred blood,  
 Or seven fair branches springing from one root :  
 Some of those seven are dried by nature's course,  
 Some of those branches by the Destinies cut ;  
 But Thomas, my dear lord, my life, my Gloucester,  
 One vial full of Edward's sacred blood,  
 One flourishing branch of his most royal root,  
 Is crack'd, and all the precious liquor spilt,  
 20 Is hack'd down, and his summer leaves all faded,  
 By envy's hand and murder's bloody axe.  
 Ah, Gaunt, his blood was thine ! that bed, that womb,  
 That metal, that self-mould, that fashion'd thee  
 Made him a man ; and though thou livest and breathest,  
 Yet art thou slain in him : thou dost consent  
 In some large measure to thy father's death,  
 In that thou seest thy wretched brother die,  
 Who was the model of thy father's life.  
 Call it not patience, Gaunt ; it is despair :  
 30 In suffering thus thy brother to be slaughter'd,  
 Thou showest the naked pathway to thy life,  
 Teaching stern murder how to butcher thee :  
 That which in mean men we intitle patience  
 Is pale cold cowardice in noble breasts.  
 What shall I say ? to safeguard thine own life,  
 The best way is to venge my Gloucester's death.

- Gaunt.* God's is the quarrel ; for God's substitute,  
 His deputy anointed in His sight,  
 Hath caused his death : the which if wrongfully,  
 40 Let heaven revenge ; for I may never lift  
 An angry arm against His minister.

*Duch.* Where then, alas, may I complain myself ?

7. *They*—that is, The heavenly powers.

12. *Vials*, Bottles.

28. *Model*, Image.

*Gaunt.* To God, the widow's champion and defence.

*Duch.* Why, then, I will. Farewell, old Gaunt.

Thou goest to Coventry, there to behold  
Our cousin Hereford and fell Mowbray fight :  
O, sit my husband's wrongs on Hereford's spear,  
That it may enter butcher Mowbray's breast !  
Or, if misfortune miss the first career,

60 Be Mowbray's sins so heavy in his bosom,  
That they may break his foaming courser's back,  
And throw the rider headlong in the lists,  
A caitiff recreant to my cousin Hereford !  
Farewell, old Gaunt : thy sometimes brother's wife  
With her companion grief must end her life. \*

*Gaunt.* Sister, farewell ; I must to Coventry :  
As much good stay with thee as go with me !

*Duch.* Yet one word more : grief boundeth where it  
falls,

Not with the empty hollowness, but weight :

60 I take my leave before I have begun,  
For sorrow ends not when it seemeth done.  
Commend me to thy brother, Edmund York.  
Lo, this is all :—nay, yet depart not so ;  
Though this be all, do not so quickly go ;  
I shall remember more. Bid him—ah, what ?—  
With all good speed at Plashy visit me.  
Alack, and what shall good old York there see  
But empty lodgings and unfurnish'd walls,  
Unpeopled offices, untrodden stones ?

70 And what hear there for welcome but my groans ?  
Therefore commend me ; let him not come there,  
To seek out sorrow that dwells every where.  
Desolate, desolate, will I hence and die :  
The last leave of thee takes my weeping eye.

[*Exeunt.*

46. *Fell*, Fierce.

49. *Career*, Encounter.

53. *Caitiff recreant*, Captive crying for mercy.

## SCENE III

*The Lists at Coventry.*

[*Enter the LORD MARSHAL and the DUKE OF AUMERLE.*]

*Mar.* My Lord Aumerle, is Harry Hereford arm'd ?

*Aum.* Yea, at all points ; and longs to enter in.

*Mar.* The Duke of Norfolk, sprightly and bold,  
Stays but the summons of the appellant's trumpet.

*Aum.* Why, then, the champions are prepared, and  
stay

For nothing but his majesty's approach.

[*The trumpets sound, and the KING enters with his nobles, GAUNT, BUSHY, BAGOT, GREEN, and others. When they are set, enter MOWBRAY in arms, defendant, with a Herald.*]

*K. Rich.* Marshal, demand of yonder champion  
The cause of his arrival here in arms :

Ask him his name, and orderly proceed

10 To swear him in the justice of his cause.

*Mar.* In God's name and the king's, say who thou  
art,

And why thou comest thus knightly clad in arms ;  
Against what man thou comest, and what thy quarrel :  
Speak truly, on thy knighthood and thy oath ;  
As so defend thee heaven and thy valour !

*Mow.* My name is Thomas Mowbray, Duke of Nor-  
folk ;

Who hither come engaged by my oath—  
Which God defend a knight should violate !—  
Both to defend my loyalty and truth

20 To God, my king, and my succeeding issue,  
Against the Duke of Hereford that appeals me ;  
And, by the grace of God and this mine arm,  
To prove him, in defending of myself,

A traitor to my God, my king, and me :  
And as I truly fight, defend me heaven !

[*The trumpets sound. Enter BOLINGBROKE, appellant, in armour, with a Herald.*]

*K. Rich.* Marshal, ask yonder knight in arms,  
Both who he is, and why he cometh hither  
Thus plated in habiliments of war ;  
And formally, according to our law,  
30 Depose him in the justice of his cause.

*Mar.* What is thy name ? and wherefore comest  
thou hither,

Before King Richard in his royal lists ?  
Against whom comest thou ? and what's thy quarrel ?  
Speak like a true knight, so defend thee heaven !

*Boling.* Harry of Hereford, Lancaster and Derby,  
Am I ; who ready here do stand in arms,  
To prove, by God's grace and my body's valour,  
In lists, on Thomas Mowbray, Duke of Norfolk,  
That he is a traitor, foul and dangerous,  
40 To God of heaven, King Richard and to me ;  
And as I truly fight, defend me heaven !

*Mar.* On pain of death, no person be so bold  
Or daring-hardy as to touch the lists,  
Except the marshal and such officers  
Appointed to direct these fair designs.

*Boling.* Lord Marshal, let me kiss my sovereign's  
hand,  
And bow my knee before his majesty :  
For Mowbray and myself are like two men  
That vow a long and weary pilgrimage ;  
50 Then let us take a ceremonious leave  
And loving farewell of our several friends.

*Mar.* The appellant in all duty greets your highness,  
And craves to kiss your hand and take his leave.

*K. Rich.* We will descend and fold him in our arms.

30. *Depose him in,* Put him on oath as to.

Cousin of Hereford, as thy cause is right,  
 So be thy fortune in this royal fight !  
 Farewell, my blood ; which if to-day thou shed,  
 Lament we may, but not revenge thee dead.

*Boling.* O, let no noble eye profane a tear  
 60 For me, if I be gored with Mowbray's spear :  
 As confident as is the falcon's flight  
 Against a bird, do I with Mowbray fight.  
 My loving lord, I take my leave of you ;  
 Of you, my noble cousin, Lord Aumerle ;  
 Not sick, although I have to do with death,  
 But lusty, young, and cheerly drawing breath.  
 Lo, as at English feasts, so I regret  
 The daintiest last, to make the end most sweet :  
 O thou, the earthly author of my blood,  
 70 Whose youthful spirit, in me regenerate,  
 Doth with a twofold vigour lift me up  
 To reach at victory above my head,  
 Add proof unto mine armour with thy prayers ;  
 And with thy blessings steel my lance's point,  
 That it may enter Mowbray's waxen coat,  
 And furbish new the name of John a Gaunt,  
 Even in the lusty haviour of his son.

*Gaunt.* God in thy good cause make thee prosperous !  
 Be swift like lightning in the execution ;  
 80 And let thy blows, doubly redoubled,  
 Fall like amazing thunder on the casque  
 Of thy adverse pernicious enemy :  
 Rouse up thy youthful blood, be valiant and live.

*Boling.* Mine innocency and Saint George to thrive !

*Mow.* However God or fortune cast my lot,  
 There lives or dies, true to King Richard's throne,  
 A loyal, just and upright gentleman :  
 Never did captive with a freer heart  
 Cast off his chains of bondage, and embrace  
 90 His golden uncontroll'd enfranchisement,

59. *Profane*, Shed unworthily.

81. *Casque*, Helmet.

73. *Proof*, Resisting power.

84. *To thrive*, Help me to prosper.

More than my dancing soul doth celebrate  
This feast of battle with mine adversary.  
Most mighty liege, and my companion peers,  
Take from my mouth the wish of happy years :  
As gentle and as jocund as to jest  
Go I to fight : truth hath a quiet breast.

*K. Rich.* Farewell, my lord : securely I espy  
Virtue with valour couched in thine eye.  
Order the trial, marshal, and begin.

100 *Mar.* Harry of Hereford, Lancaster and Derby,  
Receive thy lance ; and God defend the right !

*Boling.* Strong as a tower in hope, I cry amen.

*Mar.* Go bear this lance to Thomas, Duke of Norfolk.

*First Her.* Harry of Hereford, Lancaster and Derby,  
Stands here for God, his sovereign and himself,  
On pain to be found false and recreant,  
To prove the Duke of Norfolk, Thomas Mowbray,  
A traitor to his God, his king and him ;  
And dares him to set forward to the fight.

110 *Sec. Her.* Here standeth Thomas Mowbray, Duke of  
Norfolk,

On pain to be found false and recreant,  
Both to defend himself and to approve  
Henry of Hereford, Lancaster and Derby,  
To God, his sovereign and to him disloyal ;  
Courageously and with a free desire  
Attending but the signal to begin.

*Mar.* Sound, trumpets ; and set forward, combat-  
ants. *[A charge sounded.]*

Stay, the king hath thrown his warder down.

*K. Rich.* Let them lay by their helmets and their  
spears,

120 And both return back to their chairs again :  
Withdraw with us : and let the trumpets sound  
While we return these dukes what we decree.

*[A long flourish.]*

97. *Securely*, Confidently.

118. *Warder*, Staff of authority.

112. *Approve*, Prove.

122. *While*, Till.

Draw near,  
 And list what with our council we have done.  
 For that our kingdom's earth should not be soil'd  
 With that dear blood which it hath fostered ;  
 And for our eyes do hate the dire aspect  
 Of civil wounds plough'd up with neighbours' sword ;  
 And for we think the eagle-winged pride  
 130 Of sky-aspiring and ambitious thoughts,  
 With rival-hating envy, set on you  
 To wake our peace, which in our country's cradle  
 Draws the sweet infant breath of gentle sleep ;  
 Which so roused up with boisterous untuned drums,  
 With harsh-resounding trumpets' dreadful bray,  
 And grating shock of wrathful iron arms,  
 Might from our quiet confines fright fair peace,  
 And make us wade even in our kindred's blood ;  
 Therefore, we banish you our territories :

140 You, cousin Hereford, upon pain of life,  
 Till twice five summers have enrich'd our fields  
 Shall not regret our fair dominions,  
 But tread the stranger paths of banishment.

*Boling.* Your will be done : this must my comfort  
 be,

That sun that warms you here shall shine on me ;  
 And those his golden beams to you here lent  
 Shall point on me and gild my banishment.

*K. Rich.* Norfolk, for thee remains a heavier doom,  
 Which I with some unwillingness pronounce :

150 The sly slow hours shall not determinate  
 The dateless limit of thy dear exile ;  
 The hopeless word of " never to return "  
 Breathe I against thee, upon pain of life.

*Mow.* A heavy sentence, my most sovereign liege,  
 And all unlook'd for from your highness' mouth :  
 A dearer merit, not so deep a maim

125. *For that*, In order that.      127, 129. *For*, Since.

151. *Dear exile*, Exile which will cost you dear.

156. *Dearer merit*. Higher award ; *Maim*, Mutilation.

As to be cast forth in the common air,  
 Have I deserved at your highness' hands.  
 The language I have learn'd these forty years,  
 160 My native English, now I must forgo :  
 And now my tongue's use is to me no more  
 Than an unstringed viol or a harp ;  
 Or like a cunning instrument cased up,  
 Or, being open, put into his hands  
 That knows no touch to tune the harmony :  
 Within my mouth you have engaol'd my tongue,  
 Doubly portcullis'd with my teeth and lips ;  
 And dull unfeeling barren ignorance  
 Is made my gaoler to attend on me.  
 170 I am too old to fawn upon a nurse,  
 Too far in years to be a pupil now :  
 What is thy sentence then but speechless death,  
 Which robs my tongue from breathing native breath ?

*K. Rich.* It boots thee not to be compassionate :  
 After our sentence plaining comes too late.

*Mow.* Then thus I turn me from my country's light,  
 To dwell in solemn shades of endless night.

*K. Rich.* Return again, and take an oath with thee.  
 Lay on our royal sword your banish'd hands ;  
 180 Swear by the duty that you owe to God—  
 Our part therein we banish with yourselves—  
 To keep the oath that we administer :  
 You never shall, so help you truth and God !  
 Embrace each other's love in banishment !  
 Nor never look upon each other's face ;  
 Nor never write, regreet, nor reconcile  
 This loursing tempest of your home-bred hate ;  
 Nor never by advised purpose meet  
 To plot, contrive, or complot any ill  
 190 'Gainst us, our state, our subjects, or our land.

*Boling.* I swear.

*Mow.* And I, to keep all this.

*Boling.* Norfolk, so far as to mine enemy :—  
By this time, had the king permitted us,  
One of our souls had wander'd in the air,  
Banish'd this frail sepulchre of our flesh,  
As now our flesh is banish'd from this land :  
Confess thy treasons ere thou fly the realm ;  
Since thou hast far to go, bear not along

200 The clogging burthen of a guilty soul.

*Mow.* No, Bolingbroke : if ever I were traitor,  
My name be blotted from the book of life,  
And I from heaven banish'd as from hence !  
But what thou art, God, thou, and I do know ;  
And all too soon, I fear, the king shall rue.  
Farewell, my liege. Now no way can I stray ;  
Save back to England, all the world's my way. [*Exit.*

*K. Rich.* Uncle, even in the glasses of thine eyes  
I see thy grieved heart : thy sad aspect  
210 Hath from the number of his banish'd years  
Pluck'd four away. [*To Boling.*] Six frozen winters  
spent,

Return with welcome home from banishment.

*Boling.* How long a time lies in one little word !  
Four lagging winters and four wanton springs  
End in a word : such is the breath of kings.

*Gaunt.* I thank my liege, that in regard of me  
He shortens four years of my son's exile :  
But little vantage shall I reap thereby ;  
For, ere the six years that he hath to spend  
220 Can change their moons and bring their times about,  
My oil-dried lamp and time-bewasted light  
Shall be extinct with age and endless night ;  
My inch of taper will be burnt and done,  
And blindfold death not let me see my son.

*K. Rich.* Why, uncle, thou hast many years to live.

*Gaunt.* But not a minute, king, that thou canst give :  
Shorten my days thou canst with sullen sorrow,

And pluck nights from me, but not lend a morrow ;  
 Thou canst help time to furrow me with age,  
 230 But stop no wrinkle in his pilgrimage ;  
 Thy word is current with him for my death,  
 But dead, thy kingdom cannot buy my breath.

*K. Rich.* Thy son is banish'd upon good advice,  
 Whereto thy tongue a party-verdict gave :  
 Why at our justice seem'st thou then to lour ?

*Gaunt.* Things sweet to taste prove in digestion sour.  
 You urged me as a judge ; but I had rather  
 You would have bid me argue like a father.  
 O, had it been a stranger, not my child,  
 240 To smooth his fault I should have been more mild :

A partial slander sought I to avoid,  
 And in the sentence my own life destroy'd.  
 Alas, I look'd when some of you should say,  
 I was too strict to make mine own away ;  
 But you gave leave to my unwilling tongue  
 Against my will to do myself this wrong.

*K. Rich.* Cousin, farewell ; and, uncle, bid him so :  
 Six years we banish him, and he shall go.

[*Flourish.* Exit KING RICHARD and train.

*Aum.* Cousin, farewell : what presence must not  
 know,

250 From where you do remain let paper show.

*Mar.* My lord, no leave take I ; for I will ride,  
 As far as land will let me, by your side.

*Gaunt.* O, to what purpose dost thou hoard thy  
 words,

That thou return'st no greeting to thy friends ?

*Boling.* I have too few to take my leave of you,  
 When the tongue's office should be prodigal  
 To breathe the abundant dolour of the heart.

*Gaunt.* Thy grief is but thy absence for a time.

*Boling.* Joy absent, grief is present for that time.

231. *Current*, Valid.

234. *Party-verdict*, Consenting vote.

241. *Partial slander*, Charge of partiality.

243. *Look'd when*, Expected.

260 *Gaunt.* What is six winters ? they are quickly gone.  
*Boling.* To men in joy ; but grief makes one hour  
 ten.

*Gaunt.* Call it a travel that thou takest for pleasure.

*Boling.* My heart will sigh when I miscall it so,  
 Which finds it an inforced pilgrimage.

*Gaunt.* The sullen passage of thy weary steps  
 Esteem as foil wherein thou art to set  
 The precious jewel of thy home return.

*Boling.* Nay, rather, every tedious stride I make  
 Will but remember me what a deal of world  
 270 I wander from the jewels that I love.

Must I not serve a long apprenticeship  
 To foreign passages, and in the end,  
 Having my freedom, boast of nothing else  
 But that I was a journeyman to grief ?

*Gaunt.* All places that the eye of heaven visits  
 Are to a wise man ports and happy havens.  
 Teach thy necessity to reason thus ;  
 There is no virtue like necessity.  
 Think not the king did banish thee,  
 280 But thou the king. Woe doth the heavier sit,  
 Where it perceives it is but faintly borne.  
 Go, say I sent thee forth to purchase honour  
 And not the king exiled thee ; or suppose  
 Devouring pestilence hangs in our air  
 And thou art flying to a fresher clime :  
 Look, what thy soul holds dear, imagine it  
 To lie that way thou go'st, not whence thou comest :  
 Suppose the singing birds musicians,  
 The grass whereon thou tread'st the presence strew'd,  
 290 The flowers fair ladies, and thy steps no more  
 Than a delightful measure or a dance ;  
 For gnarling sorrow hath less power to bite  
 The man that mocks at it and sets it light.

*Boling.* O, who can hold a fire in his hand

266. *Foil, Setting.*

289. *The presence strew'd, The royal chamber strew'd with rushes.*

By thinking on the frosty Caucasus ?  
 Or cloy the hungry edge of appetite  
 By bare imagination of a feast ?  
 Or wallow naked in December snow  
 By thinking on fantastic summer's heat ?  
 300 O, no ! the apprehension of the good  
 Gives but the greater feeling to the worse :  
 Fell sorrow's tooth doth never rankle more  
 Than when he bites, but lanceth not the sore.

*Gaunt.* Come, come, my son, I'll bring thee on thy way :

Had I thy youth and cause, I would not stay.

*Boling.* Then, England's ground, farewell ; sweet soil, adieu ;

My mother, and my nurse, that bears me yet !  
 Where'er I wander, boast of this I can,  
 Though banish'd, yet a trueborn Englishman.

[*Exeunt.*

## SCENE IV

### *The Court.*

[*Enter the KING, with BAGOT and GREEN at one door ; and the DUKE OF AUMERLE at another.*]

*K. Rich.* We did observe. Cousin Aumerle,  
 How far brought you high Hereford on his way ?

*Aum.* I brought high Hereford, if you call him so,  
 But to the next highway, and there I left him.

*K. Rich.* And say, what store of parting tears were shed ?

*Aum.* Faith, none for me ; except the north-east wind,  
 Which then blew bitterly against our faces,

Awaked the sleeping rheum, and so by chance  
Did grace our hollow parting with a tear.

10 *K. Rich.* What said our cousin when you parted with  
him ?

*Aum.* " Farewell : "

And, for my heart disdained that my tongue  
Should so profane the word, that taught me craft  
To counterfeit oppression of such grief  
That words seem'd buried in my sorrow's grave.  
Marry, would the word " farewell " have lengthen'd  
hours

And added years to his short banishment,  
He should have had a volume of farewells ;  
But since it would not, he had none of me.

20 *K. Rich.* He is our cousin, cousin ; but 'tis doubt,  
When time shall call him home from banishment,  
Whether our kinsman come to see his friends.

Ourself and Bushy, Bagot here and Green  
Observed his courtship to the common people ;  
How he did seem to dive into their hearts  
With humble and familiar courtesy,

What reverence he did throw away on slaves,  
Wooing poor craftsmen with the craft of smiles  
And patient underbearing of his fortune,

30 As 'twere to banish their affects with him.

Off goes his bonnet to an osyter-wench ;  
A brace of draymen bid God speed him well  
And had the tribute of his supple knee,

With " Thanks, my countrymen, my loving friends ; "  
As were our England in reversion his,  
And he our subjects' next degree in hope.

*Green.* Well, he is gone ; and with him go these  
thoughts.

Now for the rebels which stand out in Ireland,

8. *Rheum*, Watering of the eyes.

9. *Hollow*, Insincere.

12. *For*, Since.

13. *That*, That disdain.

16. *Marry*, St. Mary.

29. *Underbearing*, Endurance.

30. *Affects*, Affections.

35. *Reversion*, Right of next succession.

Expedient manage must be made, my liege,  
 40 Ere further leisure yield them further means  
 For their advantage and your highness' loss.

*K. Rich.* We will ourself in person to this war :  
 And, for our coffers, with too great a court  
 And liberal largess, are grown somewhat light,  
 We are inforced to farm our royal realm ;  
 The revenue whereof shall furnish us  
 For our affairs in hand : if that come short,  
 Our substitutes at home shall have blank charters ;  
 Whereto, when they shall know what men are rich,  
 50 They shall subscribe them for large sums of gold  
 And send them after to supply our wants ;  
 For we will make for Ireland presently.

[*Enter* BUSHY.]

Bushy, what news ?

*Bushy.* Old John of Gaunt is grievous sick, my lord,  
 Suddenly taken ; and hath sent post haste  
 To entreat your majesty to visit him.

*K. Rich.* Where lies he ?

*Bushy.* At Ely House.

*K. Rich.* Now put it, God, in the physician's mind  
 60 To help him to his grave immediately !  
 The lining of his coffers shall make coats  
 To deck our soldiers for these Irish wars.  
 Come, gentlemen, let's all go visit him :  
 Pray God we may make haste, and come too late !

*All.* Amen.

[*Exeunt.*

39. *Expedient*, Expeditious, speedy. 50. *Subscribe*, Put them down.  
 52. *Presently*, Immediately.

## ACT II

### SCENE I

*A Room in Ely House.*

[*Enter JOHN OF GAUNT, sick, with the DUKE OF YORK, etc.*]

*Gaunt.* Will the king come, that I may breathe my last  
In wholesome counsel to his unstaïd youth ?

*York.* Vex not yourself, nor strive not with your  
breath ;

For all in vain comes counsel to his ear.

*Gaunt.* O, but they say the tongues of dying men  
Enforce attention like deep harmony :

Where words are scarce, they are seldom spent in vain,  
For they breathe truth that breathe their words in pain.  
He that no more must say is listen'd more

10 Than they whom youth and ease have taught to glose ;  
More are men's ends mark'd than their lives before :

The setting sun, and music at the close,  
As the last taste of sweets, is sweetest last,  
Writ in remembrance more than things long past :  
Though Richard my life's counsel would not hear,  
My death's sad tale may yet undeaf his ear.

*York.* No ; it is stopp'd with other flattering sounds,  
As praises, of whose taste the wise are fond,  
Lascivious metres, to whose venom sound  
20 The open ear of youth doth always listen ;  
Report of fashions in proud Italy,

10. *Glose*, Speak smoothly.

Whose manners still our tardy apish nation  
Limps after in base imitation.

Where doth the world thrust forth a vanity—

So it be new, there's no respect how vile—

That is not quickly buzz'd into his ears ?

Then all too late comes counsel to be heard,

Where will doth mutiny with wit's regard.

Direct not him whose way himself will choose :

30 'Tis breath thou lack'st, and that breath wilt thou lose.

*Gaunt.* Methinks I am a prophet new inspired

And thus expiring do foretell of him :

His rash fierce blaze of riot cannot last,

For violent fires soon burn out themselves ;

Small showers last long, but sudden storms are short ;

He tires betimes that spurs too fast betimes ;

With eager feeding food doth choke the feeder :

Light vanity, insatiate cormorant,

Consuming means, soon preys upon itself.

40 This royal throne of kings, this scepter'd isle,

This earth of majesty, this seat of Mars,

This other Eden, demi-paradise ;

This fortress built by Nature for herself

Against infection and the hand of war ;

This happy breed of men, this little world,

This precious stone set in the silver sea,

Which serves it in the office of a wall,

Or as a moat defensive to a house,

Against the envy of less happier lands ;

50 This blessed plot, this earth, this realm, this England,

This nurse, this teeming womb of royal kings,

Fear'd by their breed and famous by their birth,

Renowned for their deeds as far from home,

For Christian service and true chivalry,

As is the sepulchre in stubborn Jewry

Of the world's ransom, blessed Mary's Son ;

This land of such dear souls, this dear dear land,

Dear for her reputation through the world,  
Is now leased out, I die pronouncing it,  
60 Like to a tenement or pelting farm :  
England, bound in with the triumphant sea,  
Whose rocky shore beats back the envious siege  
Of watery Neptune, is now bound in with shame,  
With inky blots and rotten parchment bonds :  
That England, that was wont to conquer others,  
Hath made a shameful conquest of itself.  
Ah, would the scandal vanish with my life,  
How happy then were my ensuing death !

[*Enter KING RICHARD and QUEEN, AUMERLE, BUSHY, GREEN, BAGOT, ROSS, and WILLOUGHBY.*]

*York.* The king is come : deal mildly with his youth :  
70 For young hot colts being raged do rage the more.

*Queen.* How fares our noble uncle, Lancaster ?

*K. Rich.* What comfort, man ? how is't with aged Gaunt ?

*Gaunt.* O, how that name befits my composition !  
Old Gaunt indeed, and gaunt in being old :  
Within me grief hath kept a tedious fast ;  
And who abstains from meat that is not gaunt ?  
For sleeping England long time have I watch'd ;  
Watching breeds leanness, leanness is all gaunt :  
The pleasure that some fathers feed upon,  
80 Is my strict fast ; I mean, my children's looks ;  
And therein fasting, hast thou made me gaunt :  
Gaunt am I for the grave, gaunt as a grave,  
Whose hollow womb inherits nought but bones.

*K. Rich.* Can sick men play so nicely with their names ?

*Gaunt.* No, misery makes sport to mock itself ;  
Since thou dost seek to kill my name in me,  
I mock my name, great king, to flatter thee.

*K. Rich.* Should dying men flatter with those that live ?

*Gaunt.* No, no, men living flatter those that die.

90 *K. Rich.* Thou, now a-dying, say'st thou flatterest me.

*Gaunt.* O, no ! thou diest, though I the sicker be.

*K. Rich.* I am in health, I breathe, and see thee ill.

*Gaunt.* Now, He that made me knows I see thee ill ;

Ill in myself to see, and in thee seeing ill.

Thy death-bed is no lesser than thy land,

Wherein thou liest in reputation sick ;

And thou, too careless patient as thou art,

Commit'st thy anointed body to the cure

Of those physicians that first wounded thee :

100 A thousand flatterers sit within thy crown,

Whose compass is no bigger than thy head ;

And yet, incaged in so small a verge,

The waste is no whit lesser than thy land.

O, had thy grandsire with a prophet's eye

Seen how his son's son should destroy his sons,

From forth thy reach he would have laid thy shame,

Deposing thee before thou wert possess'd,

Which art possess'd now to depose thyself.

Why, cousin, wert thou regent of the world,

110 It were a shame to let this land by lease ;

But, for thy world enjoying but this land,

Is it not more than shame to shame it so ?

Landlord of England art thou now, not king :

Thy state of law is bonds slave to the law ;

And thou—

*K. Rich.* A lunatic lean-witted fool,

Presuming on an ague's privilege,

Darest with thy frozen admonition

Make pale our cheek, chasing the royal blood

With fury from his native residence.

120 Now, by my seat's right royal majesty,

Wert thou not brother to great Edward's son,

This tongue that runs so roundly in thy head

Should run thy head from thy unreverent shoulders.

*Gaunt.* O, spare me not, my brother Edward's son ;  
For that I was his father Edward's son ;  
That blood already, like the pelican,  
Hast thou tapp'd out and drunkenly caroused :  
My brother Gloucester, plain well-meaning soul,  
Whom fair befall in heaven 'mongst happy souls !  
130 May be a precedent and witness good  
That thou respect'st not spilling Edward's blood :  
Join with the present sickness that I have ;  
And thy unkindness be like crooked age,  
To crop at once a too long wither'd flower.  
Live in thy shame, but die not shame with thee !  
These words hereafter thy tormentors be !  
Convey me to my bed, then to my grave :  
Love they to live that love and honour have.

[*Exit, borne off by his Attendants.*]

*K. Rich.* And let them die that age and sullens have ;  
140 For both hast thou, and both become the grave.

*York.* I do beseech your majesty, impute his words  
To wayward sickliness and age in him :  
He loves you, on my life, and holds you dear  
As Harry Duke of Hereford, were he here.

*K. Rich.* Right, you say true : as Hereford's love, so  
his ;  
As theirs, so mine ; and all be as it is.

[*Enter NORTHUMBERLAND.*]

*North.* My liege, old Gaunt commends him to your  
majesty.

*K. Rich.* What says he ?

*North.* Nay, nothing ; all is said :  
His tongue is now a stringless instrument ;  
150 Words, life and all, old Lancaster hath spent.

*York.* Be York the next that must be bankrupt so !  
Though death be poor, it ends a mortal woe.

*K. Rich.* The ripest fruit first falls, and so doth he ;  
His time is spent, our pilgrimage must be.  
So much for that. Now for our Irish wars :

We must supplant those rough rug-headed kerns,  
Which live like venom where no venom else  
But only they have privilege to live.

And for these great affairs do ask some charge,  
160 Towards our assistance we do seize to us  
The plate, coin, revenues and moveables,  
Whereof our uncle Gaunt did stand possess'd.

*York.* How long shall I be patient? ah, how long  
Shall tender duty make me suffer wrong?  
Not Gloucester's death, nor Hereford's banishment,  
Not Gaunt's rebukes, nor England's private wrongs,  
Nor the prevention of poor Bolingbroke  
About his marriage, nor my own disgrace,  
Have ever made me sour my patient cheek,  
170 Or bend one wrinkle on my sovereign's face.

I am the last of noble Edward's sons,  
Of whom thy father, Prince of Wales, was first:  
In war was never lion raged more fierce,  
In peace was never gentle lamb more mild,  
Than was that young and princely gentleman.  
His face thou hast, for even so look'd he,  
Accomplish'd with the number of thy hours;  
But when he frown'd, it was against the French.  
And not against his friends; his noble hand  
180 Did win what he did spend, and spent not that  
Which his triumphant father's hand had won;  
His hands were guilty of no kindred blood,  
But bloody with the enemies of his kin.  
O Richard! York is too far gone with grief,  
Or else he never would compare between.

*K. Rich.* Why, uncle, what's the matter?

*York.*

O my liege,

Pardon me, if you please; if not, I, pleas'd  
Not to be pardon'd, am content withal.  
Seek you to seize and gripe into your hands

156. *Kerns*, Irish soldiers, or peasants.

159. *For*, Since; *Charge*, Expense.

190 The royalties and rights of banish'd Hereford ?  
 Is not Gaunt dead, and doth not Hereford live ?  
 Was not Gaunt just, and is not Harry true ?  
 Did not the one deserve to have an heir ?  
 Is not his heir a well-deserving son ?  
 Take Hereford's rights away, and take from Time  
 His charters and his customary rights ;  
 Let not to-morrow then ensue to-day ;  
 Be not thyself ; for how art thou a king  
 But by fair sequence and succession ?  
 200 Now, afore God—God forbid I say true !—  
 If you do wrongfully seize Hereford's rights,  
 Call in the letters-patents that he hath  
 By his attorneys-general to sue  
 His livery, and deny his offer'd homage,  
 You pluck a thousand dangers on your head,  
 You lose a thousand well-disposed hearts,  
 And prick my tender patience to those thoughts  
 Which honour and allegiance cannot think.

*K. Rich.* Think what you will, we seize into our hands  
 210 His plate, his goods, his money and his lands.

*York.* I'll not be by the while : my liege, farewell :  
 What will ensue hereof, there's none can tell ;  
 But by bad courses may be understood  
 That their events can never fall out good. [Exit.

*K. Rich.* Go, Bushy, to the Earl of Wiltshire straight :  
 Bid him repair to us to Ely House  
 To see this business. To-morrow next  
 We will for Ireland ; and 'tis time, I trow :  
 And we create, in absence of ourself,  
 220 Our uncle York lord governor of England ;  
 For he is just and always loved us well.  
 Come on, our queen : to-morrow must we part ;  
 Be merry, for our time of stay is short.

[*Flourish.* Exeunt KING, QUEEN, AUMERLE, BUSHY,  
 GREEN, and BAGOT.]

*North.* Well, lords, the Duke of Lancaster is dead.

*Ross.* And living too ; for now his son is duke.

*Willo.* Barely in title, not in revenues.

*North.* Richly in both, if justice had her right.

*Ross.* My heart is great ; but it must break with silence,

Ere't be disburden'd with a liberal tongue.

230 *North.* Nay, speak thy mind ; and let him ne'er speak more

That speaks thy words again to do thee harm !

*Willo.* Tends that thou wouldst speak to the Duke of Hereford ?

If it be so, out with it boldly, man ;

Quick is mine ear to hear of good towards him.

*Ross.* No good at all that I can do for him ;

Unless you call it good to pity him,

Bereft and gelded of his patrimony.

*North.* Now, afore God, 'tis shame such wrongs are borne

In him, a royal prince, and many moe

240 Of noble blood in this declining land.

The king is not himself, but basely led

By flatterers ; and what they will inform,

Merely in hate, 'gainst any of us all,

That will the king severely prosecute

'Gainst us, our lives, our children, and our heirs.

*Ross.* The commons hath he pill'd with grievous taxes,

And quite lost their hearts : the nobles hath he fined

For ancient quarrels, and quite lost their hearts.

*Willo.* And daily new exactions are devised,

250 As blanks, benevolences, and I wot not what :

But what, o' God's name, doth become of this ?

*North.* Wars have not wasted it, for warr'd he hath not,

239. *Moe*, More.

246. *Pill'd*, Plundered.

250. *Benevolences*, Compulsory gifts.

But basely yielded upon compromise  
That which his noble ancestors achieved with blows :  
More hath he spent in peace than they in wars.

*Ross.* The Earl of Wiltshire hath the realm in farm.

*Willo.* The king's grown bankrupt, like a broken man.

*North.* Reproach and dissolution hangeth over him.

*Ross.* He hath not money for these Irish wars,

260 His burthenous taxations notwithstanding,

But by the robbing of the banish'd duke.

*North.* His noble kinsman : most degenerate king !

But, lords, we hear this fearful tempest sing,

Yet seek no shelter to avoid the storm ;

We see the wind sit sore upon our sails,

And yet we strike not, but securely perish.

*Ross.* We see the very wreck that we must suffer ;

And unavoided is the danger now,

For suffering so the causes of our wreck.

270 *North.* Not so ; even through the hollow eyes of death  
I spy life peering ; but I dare not say

How near the tidings of our comfort is.

*Willo.* Nay, let us share thy thoughts, as thou dost  
ours.

*Ross.* Be confident to speak, Northumberland :

We three are but thyself ; and, speaking so,

Thy words are but as thoughts ; therefore, be bold.

*North.* Then thus : I have from Port le Blanc, a bay

In Brittany, received intelligence

That Harry Duke of Hereford, Rainold Lord Cobham,

280 . . . . .  
That late broke from the Duke of Exeter,  
His brother, Archbishop late of Canterbury,  
Sir Thomas Erpingham, Sir John Ramston,  
Sir John Norbery, Sir Robert Waterton and Francis  
Quoint,

All these well furnish'd by the Duke of Bretagne

268 *Unavoided*, Unavoidable.

280. Supply the line, " Thomas, son to the Earl of Arundel." See  
Additional Note, page 116.

281. *Broke*, Escaped.

With eight tall ships, three thousand men of war,  
Are making hither with all due expedience  
And shortly mean to touch our northern shore :

290 Perhaps they had ere this, but that they stay  
The first departing of the king for Ireland.

If then we shall shake off our slavish yoke,  
Imp out our drooping country's broken wing,  
Redeem from broking pawn the blemish'd crown,  
Wipe off the dust that hides our sceptre's gilt,  
And make high majesty look like itself,  
Away with me in post to Ravenspurgh ;  
But if you faint, as fearing to do so,  
Stay and be secret, and myself will go.

Ross. To horse, to horse ! urge doubts to them that  
fear.

300 Willo. Hold out my horse, and I will first be there.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II

*A Room in Windsor Castle.*

[*Enter QUEEN, BUSHY, and BAGOT.*]

*Bushy.* Madam, your majesty is too much sad :  
You promised, when you parted with the king,  
To lay aside life-harming heaviness,  
And entertain a cheerful disposition.

*Queen.* To please the king I did ; to please myself  
I cannot do it ; yet I know no cause  
Why I should welcome such a guest as grief,  
Save bidding farewell to so sweet a guest  
As my sweet Richard : yet again, methinks,  
10 Some unborn sorrow, ripe in fortune's womb,  
Is coming towards me, and my inward soul  
With nothing trembles : at some thing it grieves,

More than with parting from my lord the king.

*Bushy.* Each substance of a grief hath twenty shadows,

Which shows like grief itself, but is not so ;  
For sorrow's eye, glazed with blinding tears,  
Divides one thing entire to many objects ;  
Like perspectives, which, rightly gazed upon,  
Show nothing but confusion, eyed awry

20 Distinguish form : so your sweet majesty,  
Looking awry upon your lord's departure,  
Find shapes of grief, more than himself, to wail ;  
Which, look'd on as it is, is nought but shadows  
Of what it is not. Then, thrice-gracious queen,  
More than your lord's departure weep not : more's not  
seen ;

Or if it be, 'tis with false sorrow's eye,  
Which for things true weeps things imaginary.

*Queen.* It may be so ; but yet my inward soul  
Persuades me it is otherwise : howe'er it be,

30 I cannot but be sad ; so heavy sad,  
As, though on thinking on no thought I think,  
Makes me with heavy nothing faint and shrink.

*Bushy.* 'Tis nothing but conceit, my gracious lady.

*Queen.* 'Tis nothing less : conceit is still derived  
From some forefather grief ; mine is not so,  
For nothing hath begot my something grief ;  
Or something hath the nothing that I grieve :  
'Tis in reversion that I do possess ;

But what it is, that is not yet known ; what

40 I cannot name ; 'tis nameless woe, I wot.

[*Enter GREEN.*]

*Green.* God save your majesty ! and well met,  
gentlemen :

I hope the king is not yet shipp'd for Ireland.

*Queen.* Why hopest thou so ? 'tis better hope he is ;

18. *Perspectives*, Pictures in distorted perspective ; *Rightly*, From  
in front.

33. *Conceit*, Imagination.

For his designs crave haste, his haste good hope :  
Then wherefore dost thou hope he is not shipp'd ?

*Green.* That he, our hope, might have retired his  
power,

And driven into despair an enemy's hope,  
Who strongly hath set footing in this land :  
The banish'd Bolingbroke repeals himself,

50 And with uplifted arms is safe arrived  
At Ravenspurgh.

*Queen.* Now God in heaven forbid !

*Green.* Ah, madam, 'tis too true : and that is worse,  
The Lord Northumberland, his son young Henry Percy,  
The Lords of Ross, Beaumont, and Willoughby,  
With all their powerful friends, are fled to him.

*Bushy.* Why have you not proclaim'd Northumber-  
land

And all the rest revolted faction traitors ?

*Green.* We have : whereupon the Earl of Worcester  
Hath broke his staff, resign'd his stewardship,  
60 And all the household servants fled with him  
To Bolingbroke.

*Queen.* So, Green, thou art the midwife to my woe,  
And Bolingbroke my sorrow's dismal heir :  
Now hath my soul brought forth her prodigy,  
And I, a gasping new-deliver'd mother,  
Have woe to woe, sorrow to sorrow join'd.

*Bushy.* Despair not, Madam.

*Queen.* Who shall hinder me ?  
I will despair, and be at enmity

With cozening hope : he is a flatterer,

70 A parasite, a keeper back of death,  
Who gently would dissolve the bands of life  
Which false hope lingers in extremity.

[*Enter YORK.*]

*Green.* Here comes the Duke of York.

46. *Retired his power*, Drawn back his troops. 49. *Repeals*, Recalls.  
72. *Lingers*, Makes to linger.

*Queen.* With signs of war about his aged neck ;  
O, full of careful business are his looks !

Uncle, for God's sake, speak comfortable words.

*York.* Should I do so, I should belie my thoughts :  
Comfort's in heaven ; and we are on the earth,  
Where nothing lives but crosses, cares and grief.  
80 Your husband, he is gone to save far off,  
Whilst others come to make him lose at home :  
Here am I left to underprop his land,  
Who, weak with age, cannot support myself :  
Now comes the sick hour that his surfeit made ;  
Now shall he try his friends that flatter'd him.

[*Enter a Servant.*

*Serv.* My lord, your son was gone before I came.

*York.* He was ? Why, so ! go all which way it  
will !

The nobles they are fled, the commons they are cold,  
And will, I fear, revolt on Hereford's side.

90 *Sirrah*, get thee to Plashy, to my sister Gloucester ;  
Bid her send me presently a thousand pound :  
Hold, take my ring.

*Serv.* My lord, I had forgot to tell your lordship,  
To-day, as I came by, I called there ;  
But I shall grieve you to report the rest.

*York.* What is't, knave ?

*Serv.* An hour before I came, the duchess died.

*York.* God for his mercy ! what a tide of woes  
Comes rushing on this woeful land at once !

100 I know not what to do : I would to God,  
So my untruth had not provoked him to it,  
The king had cut off my head with my brother's.  
What, are there no posts dispatch'd for Ireland ?  
How shall we do for money for these wars ?  
Come, sister,—cousin, I would say,—pray, pardon me.  
Go, fellow, get thee home, provide some carts

And bring away the armour that is there.

[*Exit Servant.*]

Gentlemen, will you go muster men ?

If I know how or which way to order these affairs

110 Thus thrust disorderly into my hands,

Never believe me. Both are my kinsmen :

The one is my sovereign, whom both my oath

And duty bids defend ; the other again

Is my kinsman, whom the king hath wrong'd,

Whom conscience and my kindred bids to right.

Well, somewhat we must do. Come, cousin, I'll

Dispose of you.

Gentlemen, go, muster up your men,

And meet me presently at Berkeley.

120 I should to Plashy too ;

But time will not permit : all is uneven,

And everything is left at six and seven.

[*Exeunt YORK and QUEEN.*]

*Bushy.* The wind sits fair for news to go to Ireland,

But none returns. For us to levy power

Proportionable to the enemy

Is all impossible.

*Green.* Besides, our nearness to the king in love

Is near the hate of those love not the king.

*Bagot.* And that's the wavering commons : for their  
love

130 Lies in their purses, and whoso empties them

By so much fills their hearts with deadly hate.

*Bushy.* Wherein the king stands generally condemn'd.

*Bagot.* If judgement lie in them, then so do we,  
Because we ever have been near the king.

*Green.* Well, I will for refuge straight to Bristol castle:  
The Earl of Wiltshire is already there.

*Bushy.* Thither will I with you ; for little office  
The hateful commons will perform for us,

133. *In them,* In their power.

Except like curs to tear us all to pieces.

140 Will you go along with us ?

*Bagot.* No ; I will to Ireland to his majesty.

Farewell : if heart's presages be not vain,

We three here part that ne'er shall meet again.

*Bushy.* That's as York thrives to beat back Bolingbroke.

*Green.* Alas, poor duke ! the task he undertakes

Is numbering sands and drinking oceans dry :

Where one on his side fights, thousands will fly.

Farewell at once, for once, for all, and ever.

*Bushy.* Well, we may meet again.

150 *Bagot.*

I fear me, never.

[*Exeunt.*]

### SCENE III

*Wilds in Gloucestershire.*

[*Enter BOLINGBROKE and NORTHUMBERLAND, with Forces.*]

*Boling.* How far is it, my lord, to Berkeley now ?

*North.* Believe me, noble lord,

I am a stranger here in Gloucestershire :

These high wild hills and rough uneven ways

Draws out our miles, and makes them wearisome ;

And yet your fair discourse hath been as sugar,

Making the hard way sweet and delectable.

But I bethink me what a weary way

From Ravenspurgh to Cotswold will be found

10 In Ross and Willoughby, wanting your company,

Which, I protest, hath very much beguiled

The tediousness and process of my travel :

But theirs is sweetened with the hope to have

The present benefit which I possess ;

And hope to joy is little less in joy

15. *To joy, To enjoy.*

Than hope enjoy'd : by this the weary lords  
Shall make their way seem short, as mine hath done  
By sight of what I have, your noble company.

*Boling.* Of much less value is my company  
20 Than your good words. But who comes here ?

[*Enter* HENRY PERCY.]

*North.* It is my son, young Harry Percy,  
Sent from my brother Worcester, whencesoever.  
Harry, how fares your uncle ?

*Percy.* I had thought, my lord, to have learn'd his  
health of you.

*North.* Why, is he not with the queen ?

*Percy.* No, my good lord ; he hath forsook the court,  
Broken his staff of office and dispersed  
The household of the king.

*North.*

What was his reason ?

He was not so resolved when last we spake together.

30 *Percy.* Because your lordship was proclaimed  
traitor.

But he, my lord, is gone to Ravenspurgh,  
To offer service to the Duke of Hereford,  
And sent me over by Berkeley, to discover  
What power the Duke of York had levied there ;  
Then with directions to repair to Ravenspurgh.

*North.* Have you forgot the Duke of Hereford, boy ?

*Percy.* No, my good lord, for that is not forgot  
Which ne'er I did remember : to my knowledge,  
I never in my life did look on him.

40 *North.* Then learn to know him now ; this is the  
duke.

*Percy.* My gracious lord, I tender you my service,  
Such as it is, being tender, raw and young ;  
Which elder days shall ripen and confirm  
To more approved service and desert.

*Boling.* I thank thee, gentle Percy ; and be sure  
I count myself in nothing else so happy

As in a soul remembering my good friends ;  
And, as my fortune ripens with thy love,  
It shall be still thy true love's recompense :

50 My heart this covenant makes, my hand thus seals it.

*North.* How far is it to Berkeley ? and what stir  
Keeps good old York there with his men of war ?

*Percy.* There stands the castle, by yon tuft of trees,  
Mann'd with three hundred men, as I have heard ;  
And in it are the Lords of York, Berkeley, and Sey-  
mour ;

None else of name and noble estimate.

[*Enter ROSS and WILLOUGHBY.*]

*North.* Here come the Lords of Ross and Willoughby,  
Bloody with spurring, fiery-red with haste.

*Boling.* Welcome, my lords. I wot your love pursues  
60 A banish'd traitor : all my treasury  
Is yet but unfelt thanks, which more enrich'd  
Shall be your love and labour's recompense.

*Ross.* Your presence makes us rich, most noble lord.

*Willo.* And far surmounts our labour to attain it.

*Boling.* Evermore thanks, the exchequer of the poor ;  
Which, till my infant fortune comes to years,  
Stands for my bounty. But who comes here ?

[*Enter BERKELEY.*]

*North.* It is my Lord of Berkeley, as I guess.

*Berk.* My Lord of Hereford, my message is to you.

70 *Boling.* My lord, my answer is—to Lancaster ;  
And I am come to seek that name in England ;  
And I must find that title in your tongue,  
Before I make reply to aught you say.

*Berk.* Mistake me not, my lord ; 'tis not my meaning  
To raze one title of your honour out :  
To you, my lord, I come, what lord you will,  
From the most gracious regent of this land,  
The Duke of York, to know what pricks you on

To take advantage of the absent time  
80 And fright our native peace with self-born arms.

[*Enter YORK attended.*]

*Boling.* I shall not need transport my words by you ;  
Here comes his grace in person.

My noble uncle ! [*Kneels.*

*York.* Show me thy humble heart, and not thy knee,  
Whose duty is deceivable and false.

*Boling.* My gracious uncle—

*York.* Tut, tut !

Grace me no grace, nor uncle me no uncle :  
I am no traitor's uncle ; and that word " grace "  
In an ungracious mouth is but profane.

90 Why have those banish'd and forbidden legs  
Dared once to touch a dust of England's ground ?  
But then more " why ? " why have they dared to  
march

So many miles upon her peaceful bosom,  
Frighting her pale-faced villages with war  
And ostentation of despised arms ?  
Comest thou because the anointed king is hence ?  
Why, foolish boy, the king is left behind,  
And in my loyal bosom lies his power.  
Were I but now lord of such hot youth

100 As when brave Gaunt, thy father, and myself  
Rescued the Black Prince, that young Mars of men,  
From forth the ranks of many thousand French,  
O, then how quickly should this arm of mine,  
Now prisoner to the palsy, chastise thee  
And minister correction to thy fault !

*Boling.* My gracious uncle, let me know my fault :  
On what condition stands it and wherein ?

*York.* Even in condition of the worst degree,  
In gross rebellion and detested treason :  
110 Thou art a banish'd man, and here art come  
Before the expiration of thy time,

In braving arms against thy sovereign.

*Boling.* As I was banish'd, I was banish'd Hereford ;  
But as I come, I come for Lancaster.

And, noble uncle, I beseech your grace  
Look on my wrongs with an indifferent eye :

You are my father, for methinks in you  
I see old Gaunt alive ; O, then, my father,  
Will you permit that I shall stand condemn'd

120 A wandering vagabond ; my rights and royalties  
Pluck'd from my arms perforce and given away  
To upstart unthrifths ? Wherefore was I born ?

If that my cousin king be King of England,  
It must be granted I am Duke of Lancaster.  
You have a son, Aumerle, my noble cousin ;  
Had you first died, and he been thus trod down,  
He should have found his uncle Gaunt a father,  
To rouse his wrongs and chase them to the bay.  
I am denied to sue my livery here,

130 And yet my letters-patents give me leave :  
My father's goods are all distraint'd and sold ;  
And these and all are all amiss employ'd.  
What would you have me do ? I am a subject,  
And I challenge law : attorneys are denied me ;  
And therefore personally I lay my claim  
To my inheritance of free descent.

*North.* The noble duke hath been too much abused.

*Ross.* It stands your grace upon to do him right.

*Willo.* Base men by his endowments are made great.

140 *York.* My lords of England, let me tell you this :  
I have had feeling of my cousin's wrongs  
And labour'd all I could to do him right ;  
But in this kind to come, in braving arms,  
Be his own carver and cut out his way,  
To find out right with wrong, it may not be ;  
And you that do abet him in this kind

116. *Indifferent*, Impartial.

138. *Stands upon*, Behoves.

143. *Kind*, Manner.

Cherish rebellion and are rebels all.

*North.* The noble duke has sworn his coming is  
But for his own ; and for the right of that

150 We all have strongly sworn to give him aid ;  
And let him ne'er see joy that breaks that oath !

*York.* Well, well, I see the issue of these arms :  
I cannot mend it, I must needs confess,  
Because my power is weak and all ill left :  
But if I could, by Him that gave me life,  
I would attach you all and make you stoop  
Unto the sovereign mercy of the king ;  
But since I cannot, be it known to you  
I do remain as neuter. So, fare you well ;

160 Unless you please to enter in the castle  
And there repose you for this night.

*Boling.* An offer, uncle, that we will accept :  
But we must win your grace to go with us  
To Bristol castle, which they say is held  
By Bushy, Bagot and their complices,  
The caterpillars of the commonwealth,  
Which I have sworn to weed and pluck away.

*York.* It may be I will go with you : but yet I'll pause ;  
For I am loath to break our country's laws.

170 Nor friends nor foes, to me welcome you are :  
Things past redress are now with me past care.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV

*A Camp in Wales.*

[*Enter SALISBURY and a Welsh Captain.*]

*Cap.* My Lord of Salisbury, we have stay'd ten days,  
And hardly kept our countrymen together,  
And yet we hear no tidings from the king ;  
Therefore we will disperse ourselves : farewell.

*Sal.* Stay yet another day, thou trusty Welshman :

The king reposeth all his confidence in thee.

*Cap.* 'Tis thought the king is dead ; we will not stay.

The bay-trees in our country are all wither'd,

And meteors fright the fixed stars of heaven ;

10 The pale-faced moon looks bloody on the earth,

And lean-look'd prophets whisper fearful change ;

Rich men look sad and ruffians dance and leap,

The one in fear to lose what they enjoy,

The other to enjoy by rage and war :

These signs forerun the death or fall of kings.

Farewell : our countrymen are gone and fled,

As well assured Richard their king is dead. [Exit.

*Sal.* Ah, Richard, with the eyes of heavy mind

I see thy glory like a shooting star

20 Fall to the base earth from the firmament.

Thy sun sets weeping in the lowly west,

Witnessing storms to come, woe and unrest :

Thy friends are fled to wait upon thy foes,

And crossly to thy good all fortune goes. [Exit.

## ACT III

### SCENE I

*Bristol. Before the Castle.*

[*Enter BOLINGBROKE, YORK, NORTHUMBERLAND, ROSS, PERCY, WILLOUGHBY, with BUSHY and GREEN, prisoners.*]

*Boling.* Bring forth these men.

Bushy and Green, I will not vex your souls—  
Since presently your souls must part your bodies—  
With too much urging your pernicious lives,  
For 'twere no charity; yet, to wash your blood  
From off my hands, here in the view of men  
I will unfold some causes of your deaths.  
You have misled a prince, a royal king,  
A happy gentleman in blood and lineaments,  
10 By you unhappied and disfigured clean :  
You have in manner with your sinful hours  
Made a divorce betwixt his queen and him,  
Broke the possession of a royal bed  
And stain'd the beauty of a fair queen's cheeks  
With tears drawn from her eyes by your foul wrongs.  
Myself, a prince by fortune of my birth,  
Near to the king in blood, and near in love  
Till you did make him misinterpret me,  
Have stoop'd my neck under your injuries,  
20 And sigh'd my English breath in foreign clouds,  
Eating the bitter bread of banishment ;  
Whilst you have fed upon my signories,

Dispark'd my parks and fell'd my forest woods,  
 From my own windows torn my household coat  
 Razed out my imprese, leaving me no sign,  
 Save men's opinions and my living blood,  
 To show the world I am a gentleman.  
 This and much more, much more than twice all this,  
 Condemns you to the death. See them deliver'd over  
 80 To execution and the hand of death.

*Bushy.* More welcome is the stroke of death to me  
 Than Bolingbroke to England. Lords, farewell.

*Green.* My comfort is that heaven will take our souls  
 And plague injustice with the pains of hell.

*Boling.* My Lord Northumberland, see them dispatch'd.

[*Exeunt* NORTHUMBERLAND and others, with the  
*Prisoners.*]

Uncle, you say the queen is at your house ;  
 For God's sake, fairly let her be entreated :  
 Tell her I send to her my kind commends ;  
 Take special care my greetings be deliver'd.

40 *York.* A gentleman of mine I have dispatch'd  
 With letters of your love to her at large.

*Boling.* Thanks, gentle uncle. Come, lords, away,  
 To fight with Glendower and his complices :  
 Awhile to work, and after holiday. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE II

*The Coast of Wales. Harlech Castle in view.*

[*Drums : flourish and colours. Enter* KING RICHARD,  
*the BISHOP OF CARLISLE, AUMERLE, and Soldiers.*]

*K. Rich.* Barkloughly castle call they this at hand ?

*Aum.* Yea, my lord. How brooks your grace the air.

After your late tossing on the breaking seas?

*K. Rich.* Needs must I like it well : I weep for joy  
To stand upon my kingdom once again.

Dear earth, I do salute thee with my hand,  
Though rebels wound thee with their horses' hoofs :  
As a long-parted mother with her child  
Plays fondly with her tears and smiles in meeting,

10 So, weeping, smiling, greet I thee, my earth,  
And do thee favours with my royal hands.  
Feed not thy sovereign's foe, my gentle earth,  
Nor with thy sweets comfort his ravenous sense ;  
But let thy spiders, that suck up thy venom,  
And heavy-gaited toads lie in their way,  
Doing annoyance to the treacherous feet  
Which with usurping steps do trample thee :  
Yield stinging nettles to mine enemies ;

And when they from thy bosom pluck a flower,  
20 Guard it, I pray thee, with a lurking adder,  
Whose double tongue may with a mortal touch  
Throw death upon thy sovereign's enemies.  
Mock not my senseless conjuration, lords :  
This earth shall have a feeling and these stones  
Prove armed soldiers, ere her native king  
Shall falter under foul rebellion's arms.

*Car.* Fear not, my lord : that Power that made you  
king

Hath power to keep you king in spite of all.  
The means that heaven yields must be embraced,

30 And not neglected ; else, if heaven would,  
And we will not, heaven's offer we refuse,  
The proffer'd means of succour and redress.

*Aum.* He means, my lord, that we are too remiss ;  
Whilst Bolingbroke, through our security,  
Grows strong and great in substance and in power.

*K. Rich.* Discomfortable cousin ! know'st thou not

That when the searching eye of heaven is hid,  
 Behind the globe, that lights the lower world,  
 Then thieves and robbers range abroad unseen  
 40 In murders and in outrage, boldly here ;  
 But when from under this terrestrial ball  
 He fires the proud tops of the eastern pines  
 And darts his light through every guilty hole,  
 Then murders, treasons and detested sins,  
 The cloak of night being pluck'd from off their backs,  
 Stand bare and naked, trembling at themselves ?  
 So when this thief, this traitor, Bolingbroke,  
 Who all this while hath revell'd in the night  
 Whilst we were wandering with the antipodes,  
 50 Shall see us rising in our throne, the east,  
 His treasons will sit blushing in his face,  
 Not able to endure the sight of day,  
 But self-affrighted tremble at his sin.  
 Not all the water in the rough rude sea  
Can wash the balm off from an anointed king ;  
The breath of worldly men cannot depose  
The deputy elected by the Lord :  
 (For every man that Bolingbroke hath press'd  
 To lift shrewd steel against our golden crown,  
 60 God for his Richard hath in heavenly pay  
 A glorious angel : then, if angels fight,  
 Weak men must fall, for heaven still guards the right.)

[Enter SALISBURY.]

Welcome, my lord : how far off lies your power ?

Sal. Nor near nor farther off, my gracious lord,  
 Than this weak arm : discomfort guides my tongue  
 And bids me speak of nothing but despair.  
 One day too late, I fear me, noble lord,  
 Hath clouded all thy happy days on earth :  
 O, call back yesterday, bid time return,  
 70 And thou shalt have twelve thousand fighting men !  
 To-day, to-day, unhappy day, too late,

O'erthrows thy joys, friends, fortune and thy state :  
For all the Welshmen, hearing thou wert dead,  
Are gone to Bolingbroke, dispersed and fled.

*Aum.* Comfort, my liege : why looks your grace so pale ?

*K. Rich.* But now the blood of twenty thousand men  
Did triumph in my face, and they are fled ;  
And, till so much blood thither come again,  
Have I not reason to look pale and dead ?

80 All souls that will be safe fly from my side,

For time hath set a blot upon my pride.

*Aum.* Comfort, my liege ; remember who you are.

*K. Rich.* I had forgot myself : am I not king ?

Awake, thou coward majesty ! thou sleepest.

Is not the king's name twenty thousand names ?

Arm, arm, my name ! a puny subject strikes

At thy great glory. Look not to the ground,

Ye favourites of a king : are we not high ?

High be our thoughts : I know my uncle York

100 Hath power enough to serve our turn. But who comes here ?

[*Enter SCROOP.*]

*Scroop.* More health and happiness betide my liege  
Than can my care-tuned tongue deliver him !

*K. Rich.* Mine ear is open and my heart prepared :

The worst is worldly loss thou canst unfold.

Say, is my kingdom lost ? why, 'twas my care ;

And what loss is it to be rid of care ?

Strives Bolingbroke to be as great as we ?

Greater he shall not be ; if he serve God,

We'll serve Him too and be his fellow so :

100 Revolt our subjects ? that we cannot mend ;

They break their faith to God as well as us :

Cry woe, destruction, ruin and decay ;

The worst is death, and death will have his day.

*Scroop.* Glad am I that your highness is so arm'd  
To bear the tidings of calamity.

Like an unseasonable stormy day,  
Which makes the silver rivers drown their shores,  
As if the world were all dissolved to tears,  
So high above his limits swells the rage  
110 Of Bolingbroke, covering your fearful land  
With hard bright steel and hearts harder than steel.  
White-beards have arm'd their thin and hairless scalps  
Against thy majesty ; boys, with women's voices,  
Strive to speak big and clap their female joints  
In stiff unwieldy arms against thy crown :  
Thy very beadsmen learn to bend their bows  
Of double-fatal yew against thy state ;  
Yea, distaff-women manage rusty bills  
Against thy seat : both young and old rebel,  
120 And all goes worse than I have power to tell.

*K. Rich.* Too well, too well thou tell'st a tale so ill.  
Where is the Earl of Wiltshire ? where is Bagot ?  
What is become of Bushy ? where is Green ?  
That they have let the dangerous enemy  
Measure our confines with such peaceful steps ?  
If we prevail, their heads shall pay for it :  
I warrant they have made peace with Bolingbroke.

*Scroop.* Peace have they made with him indeed, my lord.

*K. Rich.* O villains, vipers, damn'd without redemption !

130 Dogs, easily won to fawn on any man !  
Snakes, in my heart-blood warm'd, that sting my heart !  
Three Judases, each one thrice worse than Judas !  
Would they make peace ? terrible hell make war  
Upon their spotted souls for this offence !

*Scroop.* Sweet love, I see, changing his property,  
Turns to the sourest and most deadly hate :  
Again uncurse their souls ; their peace is made  
With heads, and not with hands : those whom you  
curse

Have felt the worst of death's destroying wound,  
 140 And lie full low, graved in the hollow ground.

*Aum.* Is Bushy, Green and the Earl of Wiltshire dead?

*Scroop.* Ay, all of them at Bristol lost their heads.

*Aum.* Where is the duke my father with his power?

*K. Rich.* No matter where; of comfort no man speak:

Let's talk of graves, of worms and epitaphs;  
 Make dust our paper and with rainy eyes  
 Write sorrow on the bosom of the earth.  
 Let's choose executors and talk of wills:  
 And yet not so, for what can we bequeath  
 150 Save our deposed bodies to the ground?  
 Our lands, our lives and all are Bolingbroke's,  
 And nothing can we call our own but death,  
 And that small model of the barren earth  
 Which serves as paste and cover to our bones.  
 For God's sake, let us sit upon the ground  
 And tell sad stories of the death of kings:  
 How some have been deposed; some slain in war;  
 Some haunted by the ghosts they have deposed;  
 Some poison'd by their wives; some sleeping kill'd,  
 160 All murder'd: for within the hollow crown  
 That rounds the mortal temples of a king  
 Keeps Death his court, and there the antic sits,  
 Scoffing his state and grinning at his pomp,  
 Allowing him a breath, a little scene,  
 To monarchize, be fear'd and kill with looks,  
 Infusing him with self and vain conceit,  
 As if this flesh which walls about our life  
 Were brass impregnable, and humour'd thus  
 Comes at the last and with a little pin  
 Bores through his castle wall, and farewell king!  
 170 Cover your heads and mock not flesh and blood  
 With solemn reverence: throw away respect,  
 Tradition, form and ceremonious duty,  
 For you have but mistook me all this while:

His  
 confu-  
 turns  
 to self  
 pite

I live with bread like you, feel want,  
Taste grief, need friends : subjected thus,  
How can you say to me, I am a king ?

*Car.* My lord, wise men ne'er sit and wail their woes,  
But presently prevent the ways to wail.

180 To fear the foe, since fear oppresses strength,  
Gives in your weakness strength unto your foe,  
And so your follies fight against yourself.  
Fear, and be slain ; no worse can come to fight :  
And fight and die is death destroying death ;  
Where fearing dying pays death servile breath.

*Aum.* My father hath a power ; inquire of him,  
And learn to make a body of a limb.

*K. Rich.* Thou chidest me well : proud Bolingbroke,  
I come

To change blows with thee for our day of doom.

190 This ague fit of fear is over-blown ;  
An easy task it is to win our own.  
Say, Scroop, where lies our uncle with his power ?  
Speak sweetly, man, although thy looks be sour.

*Scroop.* Men judge by the complexion of the sky  
The state and inclination of the day :

So may you by my dull and heavy eye,

My tongue hath but a heavier tale to say.

I play the torturer, by small and small  
To lengthen out the worst that must be spoken :

200 Your uncle York is join'd with Bolingbroke,  
And all your northern castles yielded up,  
And all your southern gentlemen in arms  
Upon his party.

*K. Rich.* Thou hast said enough.

Beshrew thee, cousin, which didst lead me forth

[To AUMERLE.]

Of that sweet way I was in to despair !

What say you now ? what comfort have we now ?

By heaven, I'll hate him everlastingly

That bids me be of comfort any more.

Go to Flint castle : there I'll pine away ;

210 A king, woe's slave, shall kingly woe obey.

That power I have, discharge ; and let them go

To ear the land that hath some hope to grow,

For I have none : let no man speak again

To alter this, for counsel is but vain.

*Aum.* My liege, one word.

*K. Rich.*

He does me double wrong

That wounds me with the flatteries of his tongue.

Discharge my followers : let them hence away,

From Richard's night to Bolingbroke's fair day.

[*Exeunt.*

### SCENE III

*Wales. Before Flint Castle.*

[*Enter, with drum and colours, BOLINGBROKE, YORK, NORTHUMBERLAND, Attendants, and Forces.*]

*Boling.* So that by this intelligence we learn  
The Welshmen are dispersed ; and Salisbury  
Is gone to meet the king, who lately landed  
With some few private friends upon this coast.

*North.* The news is very fair and good, my lord :  
Richard not far from hence hath hid his head.

*York.* It would beseem the Lord Northumberland  
To say " King Richard " : alack the heavy day  
When such a sacred king should hide his head.

10 *North.* Your grace mistakes ; only to be brief,  
Left I his title out.

*York.* The time hath been,  
Would you have been so brief with him, he would  
Have been so brief with you, to shorten you,  
For taking so the head, your whole head's length.

211. *Power, Force* (of troops).

212. *Ear, Plough.*

*Boling.* Mistake not, uncle, further than you should.

*York.* Take not, good cousin, further than you should,

Lest you mistake the heavens are o'er our heads.

*Boling.* I know it, uncle, and oppose not myself  
Against their will. But who comes here ?

[*Enter PERCY.*]

20 *Welcome, Harry : what, will not this castle yield ?*

*Percy.* The castle royally is mann'd, my lord,  
Against thy entrance.

*Boling.* Royally !

Why, it contains no king ?

*Percy.*

Yes, my good lord,

It doth contain a king ; King Richard lies

Within the limits of yon lime and stone :

And with him are the Lord Aumerle, Lord Salisbury,

Sir Stephen Scroop, besides a clergyman

Of holy reverence ; who, I cannot learn.

30 *North.* O, belike it is the Bishop of Carlisle.

*Boling.* Noble lords,

Go to the rude ribs of that ancient castle ;

Through brazen trumpet send the breath of parley

Into his ruin'd ears, and thus deliver :

Henry Bolingbroke

On both his knees doth kiss King Richard's hand

And sends allegiance and true faith of heart

To his most royal person ; hither come

Even at his feet to lay my arms and power,

40 Provided that my banishment repeal'd

And lands restored again be freely granted :

If not, I'll use the advantage of my power

And lay the summer's dust with showers of blood

Rain'd from the wounds of slaughter'd Englishmen :

The which, how far off from the mind of Bolingbroke

It is, such crimson tempest should bedrench

The fresh green lap of fair King Richard's land,

My stooping duty tenderly shall show.

Go, signify as much, while here we march

50 Upon the grassy carpet of this plain.

Let's march without the noise of threatening drum,

That from this castle's tatter'd battlements

Our fair appointments may be well perused.

Methinks King Richard and myself should meet

With no less terror than the elements

Of fire and water, when their thundering shock

At meeting tears the cloudy cheeks of heaven.

Be he the fire, I'll be the yielding water :

The rage be his, whilst on the earth I rain

60 My waters ; on the earth, and not on him.

March on, and mark King Richard how he looks.

*[Parle without, and answer within. Then a flourish.*

*Enter on the walls, KING RICHARD, the BISHOP OF  
CARLISLE, AUMERLE, SCROOP, and SALISBURY.]*

See, see, King Richard doth himself appear,

As doth the blushing discontented sun

From out the fiery portal of the east,

When he perceives the envious clouds are bent

To dim his glory and to stain the track

Of his bright passage to the occident.

*York.* Yet looks he like a king : behold, his eye,

As bright as is the eagle's, lightens forth

70 Controlling majesty : alack, alack, for woe,

That any harm should stain so fair a show !

*K. Rich.* We are amazed ; and thus long have we  
stood

To watch the fearful bending of thy knee, [*To NORTH.*

Because we thought ourself thy lawful king :

And if we be, how dare thy joints forget

To pay their awful duty to our presence ?

If we be not, show us the hand of God

That hath dismiss'd us from our stewardship ;

For well we know, no hand of blood and bone

- 80 Can gripe the sacred handle of our sceptre,  
 Unless he do profane, steal, or usurp.  
 And though you think that all, as you have done,  
 Have torn their souls by turning them from us,  
 And we are barren and bereft of friends ;  
 Yet know, my master, God omnipotent,  
 Is mustering in his clouds on our behalf  
 Armies of pestilence ; and they shall strike  
 Your children yet unborn and unbegot,  
 That lift your vassal hands against my head,  
 90 And threat the glory of my precious crown.  
 Tell Bolingbroke—for yond methinks he stands—  
 That every stride he makes upon my land  
 Is dangerous treason : he is come to open  
 The purple testament of bleeding war ;  
 But ere the crown he looks for live in peace,  
 Ten thousand bloody crowns of mothers' sons  
 Shall ill become the flower of England's face,  
 Change the complexion of her maid-pale peace  
 To scarlet indignation, and bedew  
 100 Her pastures' grass with faithful English blood.

- North.* The king of heaven forbid our lord the king  
 Should so with civil and uncivil arms  
 Be rush'd upon ! Thy thrice noble cousin  
 Harry Bolingbroke doth humbly kiss thy hand ;  
 And by the honourable tomb he swears,  
 That stands upon your royal grandsire's bones,  
 And by the royalties of both your bloods,  
 Currents that spring from one most gracious head,  
 And by the buried hand of warlike Gaunt,  
 110 And by the worth and honour of himself,  
 Comprising all that may be sworn or said,  
 His coming hither hath no further scope  
 Than for his lineal royalties, and to beg  
 Enfranchisement immediate on his knees :  
 Which on thy royal party granted once,

His glittering arms he will commend to rust,  
His barbed steeds to stables, and his heart  
To faithful service of your majesty.

This swears he, as he is a prince, is just ;

120 And, as I am a gentleman, I credit him.

*K. Rich.* Northumberland, say thus the king returns :

His noble cousin is right welcome hither ;

And all the number of his fair demands

Shall be accomplish'd without contradiction :

With all the gracious utterance thou hast

Speak to his gentle hearing kind commends.

We do debase ourselves, cousin, do we not,

[*To AUMERLE.*

To look so poorly and to speak so fair ?

Shall we call back Northumberland, and send

130 Defiance to the traitor, and so die ?

*Aum.* No, good my lord ; let's fight with gentle  
words

Till time lend friends and friends their helpful swords.

*K. Rich.* O God, O God ! that e'er this tongue of  
mine,

That laid the sentence of dread banishment

On yon proud man, should take it off again

With words of sooth ! O that I were as great

As is my grief, or lesser than my name !

Or that I could forget what I have been,

Or not remember what I must be now !

140 Swell'st thou, proud heart ? I'll give thee scope to  
beat,

Since foes have scope to beat both thee and me.

*Aum.* Northumberland comes back from Boling-  
broke.

*K. Rich.* What must the king do now ? must he  
submit ?

The king shall do it : must he be deposed ?

The king shall be contented : must he lose

The name of king ? o' God's name, let it go ;

I'll give my jewels for a set of beads,

My gorgeous palace for a hermitage,

My gay apparel for an almsman's gown,

150 My figured goblets for a dish of wood,

My sceptre for a palmer's walking-staff,

My subjects for a pair of carved saints,

And my large kingdom for a little grave,

A little little grave, an obscure grave ;

Or I'll be buried in the king's highway,

Some way of common trade, where subjects' feet

May hourly trample on their sovereign's head ;

For on my heart they tread now whilst I live ;

And buried once, why not upon my head ?

160 Aumerle, thou weep'st, my tender-hearted cousin !

We'll make foul weather with despised tears ;

Our sighs and they shall lodge the summer corn,

And make a dearth in this revolting land.

Or shall we play the wantons with our woes,

And make some pretty match with shedding tears ?

As thus, to drop them still upon one place,

Till they have fretted us a pair of graves

Within the earth ; and, therein laid,—there lies

Two kinsmen digg'd their graves with weeping eyes.

170 Would not this ill do well ? Well, well, I see

I talk but idly, and you laugh at me.

Most mighty prince, my Lord Northumberland,

What says King Bolingbroke ? will his majesty

Give Richard leave to live till Richard die ?

You make a leg, and Bolingbroke says ay.

*North.* My lord, in the base court he doth attend  
To speak with you ; may it please you to come down.

*K. Rich.* Down, down I come ; like glistening  
Phæthon,

Wanting the manage of unruly jades.

156. *Trade, Traffic.*

176. *Base court, Lower court.*

162. *Lodge, Lay.*

179. *Manage, Power to control.*

180 In the base court? Base court, where kings grow base,  
To come at traitors' calls and do them grace.  
In the base court? Come down? Down, court!  
down, king!

For night-owls shriek where mounting larks should  
sing. *[Exeunt from above.]*

*Boling.* What says his majesty?

*North.* Sorrow and grief of heart

Makes him speak fondly, like a frantic man:

Yet he is come.

*[Enter KING RICHARD and his Attendants below.]*

*Boling.* Stand all apart,  
And show fair duty to his majesty. *[He kneels down.]*  
My gracious lord,—

190 *K. Rich.* Fair cousin, you debase your princely knee  
To make the base earth proud with kissing it:  
Me rather had my heart might feel your love  
Than my unpleased eye see your courtesy.  
Up, cousin, up; your heart is up, I know,  
Thus high at least, although your knee be low.

*Boling.* My gracious lord, I come but for mine own.

*K. Rich.* Your own is yours, and I am yours, and all.

*Boling.* So far be mine, my most redoubted lord,  
As my true service shall deserve your love.

200 *K. Rich.* Well you deserve: they well deserve to  
have,

That know the strong'st and surest way to get.  
Uncle, give me your hands: nay, dry your eyes;  
Tears show their love, but want their remedies.  
Cousin, I am too young to be your father,  
Though you are old enough to be my heir.  
What you will have, I'll give, and willing too;  
For do we must what force will have us do.  
Set on towards London, cousin, is it so?

*Boling.* Yea, my good lord.

*K. Rich.*

Then I must not say no.

*[Flourish. Exeunt.]*

## SCENE IV

*Langley. The DUKE OF YORK'S Garden.*

*[Enter the QUEEN and two Ladies.]*

*Queen.* What sport shall we devise here in this garden,

To drive away the heavy thought of care ?

*Lady.* Madam, we'll play at bowls.

*Queen.* 'Twill make me think the world is full of rubs,  
And that my fortune runs against the bias.

*Lady.* Madam, we'll dance.

*Queen.* My legs can keep no measure in delight,  
When my poor heart no measure keeps in grief :  
Therefore, no dancing, girl ; some other sport.

10 *Lady.* Madam, we'll tell tales.

*Queen.* Of sorrow or of joy ?

*Lady.* Of either, madam.

*Queen.* Of neither, girl :

For if of joy, being altogether wanting,  
It doth remember me the more of sorrow ;  
Or if of grief, being altogether had,  
It adds more sorrow to my want of joy :  
For what I have I need not to repeat ;  
And what I want it boots not to complain.

*Lady.* Madam, I'll sing.

*Queen.* 'Tis well that thou hast cause ;  
20 But thou shouldst please me better, wouldst thou weep.

*Lady.* I could weep, madam, would it do you good.

*Queen.* And I could sing, would weeping do me good,  
And never borrow any tear of thee.

*[Enter a Gardener, and two Servants.]*

But stay, here come the gardeners :

Let's step into the shadow of these trees.

My wretchedness unto a row of pins,  
They'll talk of state ; for every one doth so  
Against a change ; woe is forerun with woe.

[*QUEEN and Ladies retire.*

*Gard.* Go, bind thou up yon dangling apricocks,  
30 Which, like unruly children, make their sire  
Stoop with oppression of their prodigal weight :  
Give some supportance to the bending twigs.  
Go thou, and like an executioner,  
Cut off the heads of too fast growing sprays,  
That look too lofty in our commonwealth :  
All must be even in our government.  
You thus employ'd, I will go root away  
The noisome weeds, which without profit suck  
The soil's fertility from wholesome flowers.

40 *Serv.* Why should we in the compass of a pale  
Keep law and form and due proportion,  
Showing, as in a model, our firm estate,  
When our sea-walled garden, the whole land,  
Is full of weeds ; her fairest flowers choked up,  
Her fruit-trees all unpruned, her hedges ruin'd,  
Her knots disorder'd, and her wholesome herbs  
Swarming with caterpillars ?

*Gard.* Hold thy peace :  
He that hath suffer'd this disorder'd spring  
Hath now himself met with the fall of leaf :  
50 The weeds which his broad-spreading leaves did  
shelter,  
That seem'd in eating him to hold him up,  
Are pluck'd up root and all by Bolingbroke ;  
I mean the Earl of Wiltshire, Bushy, Green.

*Serv.* What, are they dead ?

*Gard.* They are ; and Bolingbroke  
Hath seized the wasteful king. O, what pity is it  
That he had not so trimm'd and dress'd his land  
As we this garden ! We at time of year

Do wound the bark, the skin of our fruit-trees,  
Lest, being over-proud in sap and blood,  
60 With too much riches it confound itself :  
Had he done so to great and growing men,  
They might have lived to bear and he to taste  
Their fruits of duty : superfluous branches  
We lop away, that bearing boughs may live :  
Had he done so, himself had borne the crown,  
Which waste of idle hours hath quite thrown down.

*Serv.* What, think you then the king shall be deposed ?

*Gard.* Depress'd he is already, and deposed  
'Tis doubt he will be : letters came last night  
70 To a dear friend of the good Duke of York's,  
That tell black tidings.

*Queen.* O, I am press'd to death through want of speaking !

[*Coming forward.*

Thou, old Adam's likeness, set to dress this garden,  
How dares thy harsh rude tongue sound this unpleasing news ?

What Eve, what serpent, hath suggested thee  
To make a second fall of cursed man ?

Why dost thou say King Richard is deposed ?  
Darest thou, thou little better thing than earth,  
Divine his downfal ? Say, where, when, and how,  
80 Camest thou by this ill tidings ? speak, thou wretch.

*Gard.* Pardon me, madam : little joy have I  
To breathe this news ; yet what I say is true.  
King Richard, he is in the mighty hold  
Of Bolingbroke : their fortunes both are weigh'd :  
In your lord's scale is nothing but himself,  
And some few vanities that make him light ;  
But in the balance of great Bolingbroke,  
Besides himself, are all the English peers,  
And with that odds he weighs King Richard down.  
90 Post you to London, and you will find it so ;  
I speak no more than every one doth know.

*Queen.* Nimble mischance, that art so light of foot,

Doth not thy embassage belong to me,  
And am I last that knows it? O, thou think'st  
To serve me last, that I may longest keep  
Thy sorrow in my breast. Come, ladies, go,  
To meet at London London's king in woe.  
What, was I born to this, that my sad look  
Should grace the triumph of great Bolingbroke?

100 Gardener, for telling me these news of woe,  
Pray God the plants thou graft'st may never grow.

[*Exeunt* QUEEN and Ladies.

Gard. Poor queen! so that thy state might be no  
worse,

I would my skill were subject to thy curse.  
Here did she fall a tear; here in this place  
I'll set a bank of rue, sour herb of grace:  
Rue, even for ruth, here shortly shall be seen,  
In the remembrance of a weeping queen.

[*Exeunt.*

## ACT IV

### SCENE I

*Westminster Hall.*

[*Enter as to the Parliament, BOLINGBROKE, AUMERLE, NORTHUMBERLAND, PERCY, FITZWATER, SURREY, the BISHOP OF CARLISLE, the ABBOT OF WESTMINSTER, and another Lord, Herald, Officers, and BAGOT.*]

*Boling.* Call forth Bagot.

Now, Bagot, freely speak thy mind ;  
What thou dost know of noble Gloucester's death,  
Who wrought it with the king, and who perform'd  
The bloody office of his timeless end.

*Bagot.* Then set before my face the Lord Aumerle.

*Boling.* Cousin, stand forth, and look upon that man.

*Bagot.* My Lord Aumerle, I know your daring tongue  
Scorns to unsay what once it hath deliver'd.

10 In that dead time when Gloucester's death was  
plotted,

I heard you say, " Is not my arm of length,  
That reacheth from the restful English court  
As far as Calais, to mine uncle's head ? "

Amongst much other talk, that very time,  
I heard you say that you had rather refuse  
The offer of an hundred thousand crowns  
Than Bolingbroke's return to England ;  
Adding withal, how blest this land would be  
In this your cousin's death.

*Aum.*

Princes and noble lords,

5. *Timeless, Untimely.*

20 What answer shall I make to this base man ?

Shall I so much dishonour my fair stars,  
On equal terms to give him chastisement ?  
Either I must, or have mine honour soil'd  
With the attainder of his slanderous lips.  
There is my gage, the manual seal of death,  
That marks thee out for hell : I say, thou liest,  
And will maintain what thou hast said is false  
In thy heart-blood, though being all too base  
To stain the temper of my knightly sword.

30 *Boling.* Bagot, forbear ; thou shalt not take it up.

*Aum.* Excepting one, I would he were the best  
In all this presence that hath moved me so.

*Fitz.* If that thy valour stand on sympathy,  
There is my gage, Aumerle, in gage to thine :  
By that fair sun which shows me where thou stand'st,  
I heard thee say ; and vauntingly thou spakest it,  
That thou wert cause of noble Gloucester's death.  
If thou deny'st it twenty times, thou liest ;  
And I will turn thy falsehood to thy heart,

40 Where it was forged, with my rapier's point.

*Aum.* Thou darest not, coward, live to see that day.

*Fitz.* Now, by my soul, I would it were this hour.

*Aum.* Fitzwater, thou art damn'd to hell for this.

*Percy.* Aumerle, thou liest ; his honour is as true  
In this appeal as thou art all unjust ;  
And that thou art so, there I throw my gage,  
To prove it on thee to the extremest point  
Of mortal breathing : seize it, if thou darest.

*Aum.* An if I do not, may my hands rot off,

50 And never brandish more revengeful steel  
Over the glittering helmet of my foe !

*Another Lord.* I task the earth to the like, forsworn  
Aumerle ;

And spur thee on with full as many lies  
As may be holloa'd in thy treacherous ear

From sun to sun : there is my honour's pawn ;  
Engage it to the trial, if thou darest.

*Aum.* Who sets me else? by heaven, I'll throw at all:  
I have a thousand spirits in one breast,  
To answer twenty thousand such as you.

60 *Surrey.* My Lord Fitzwater, I do remember well  
The very time Aumerle and you did talk.

*Fitz.* 'Tis very true : you were in presence then ;  
And you can witness with me this is true.

*Surrey.* As false, by heaven, as heaven itself is true.

*Fitz.* Surrey, thou liest.

*Surrey.* Dishonourable boy !

That lie shall lie so heavy on my sword,  
That it shall render vengeance and revenge,  
Till thou the lie-giver and that lie do lie  
In earth as quiet as thy father's skull :

70 In proof whereof, there is my honour's pawn ;  
Engage it to the trial, if thou darest.

*Fitz.* How fondly dost thou spur a forward horse !  
If I dare eat, or drink, or breathe, or live,  
I dare meet Surrey in a wilderness,  
And spit upon him, whilst I say he lies,  
And lies, and lies : there is my bond of faith,  
To tie thee to my strong correction.

As I intend to thrive in this new world,  
Aumerle is guilty of my true appeal :

80 Besides, I heard the banish'd Norfolk say  
That thou, Aumerle, didst send two of thy men  
To execute the noble duke at Calais.

*Aum.* Some honest Christian trust me with a gage,  
That Norfolk lies : here do I throw down this,  
If he may be repeal'd, to try his honour.

*Boling.* These differences shall all rest under gage  
Till Norfolk be repeal'd ; repeal'd he shall be,  
And, though mine enemy, restored again  
To all his lands and signories : when he's return'd,

90 Against Aumerle we will enforce his trial.

*Car.* That honourable day shall ne'er be seen.

Many a time hath banish'd Norfolk fought  
For Jesu Christ in glorious Christian field,  
Streaming the ensign of the Christian cross  
Against black pagans, Turks, and Saracens ;  
And toil'd with works of war, retired himself  
To Italy ; and there at Venice gave

His body to that pleasant country's earth,  
And his pure soul unto his captain Christ,  
100 Under whose colours he had fought so long.

*Boling.* Why, bishop, is Norfolk dead ?

*Car.* As surely as I live, my lord.

*Boling.* Sweet peace conduct his sweet soul to the  
bosom

Of good old Abraham ! Lords appellants,  
Your differences shall all rest under gage  
Till we assign you to your days of trial.

[*Enter YORK, attended.*]

*York.* Great Duke of Lancaster, I come to thee  
From plume-pluck'd Richard ; who with willing soul  
Adopts thee heir, and his high sceptre yields

110 To the possession of thy royal hand :  
Ascend his throne, descending now from him ;  
And long live Henry, fourth of that name !

*Boling.* In God's name, I'll ascend the regal throne.

*Car.* Marry, God forbid !

Worst in this royal presence may I speak,  
Yet best beseeching me to speak the truth.  
Would God that any in this noble presence  
Were enough noble to be upright judge  
Of noble Richard ! then true noblesse would

120 Learn him forbearance from so foul a wrong.  
What subject can give sentence on his king ?  
And who sits here that is not Richard's subject ?  
Thieves are not judged but they are by to hear,  
Although apparent guilt be seen in them ;

And shall the figure of God's majesty,  
His captain, steward, deputy-elect,  
Anointed, crowned, planted many years,  
Be judged by subject and inferior breath,  
And he himself not present? O, forfend it, God,

130 That in a Christian climate souls refined  
Should show so heinous, black, obscene a deed!  
I speak to subjects, and a subject speaks,  
Stirr'd up by God, thus boldly for his king.

My Lord of Hereford here, whom you call king,  
Is a foul traitor to proud Hereford's king:

And if you crown him, let me prophesy;  
The blood of English shall manure the ground,  
And future ages groan for this foul act;

Peace shall go sleep with Turks and infidels,

140 And in this seat of peace tumultuous wars  
Shall kin with kin and kind with kind confound;

Disorder, horror, fear and mutiny  
Shall here inhabit, and this land be call'd  
The field of Golgotha and dead men's skulls.

O, if you raise this house against this house,  
It will the woofullest division prove  
That ever fell upon this cursed earth.

Prevent it, resist it, let it not be so,

Lest child, child's children, cry against you "woe!"

150 *North.* Well have you argued, sir; and, for your  
pains,

Of capital treason we arrest you here.

My Lord of Westminster, be it your charge

To keep him safely till his day of trial.

May it please you, lords, to grant the commons' suit.

*Boling.* Fetch hither Richard, that in common view  
He may surrender; so we shall proceed  
Without suspicion.

*York.*

I will be his conduct.

[*Exit.*]

*Boling.* Lords, you that here are under our arrest,

Procure your sureties for your days of answer.  
 Little are we beholding to your love,  
 And little look'd for at your helping hands.

[*Re-enter YORK, with RICHARD, and Officers bearing the regalia.*]

*K. Rich.* Alack, why am I sent for to a king,  
 Before I have shook off the regal thoughts  
 Wherewith I reign'd? I hardly yet have learn'd  
 To insinuate, flatter, bow, and bend my limbs :  
 Give sorrow leave awhile to tutor me  
 To this submission. Yet I well remember  
 The favours of these men : were they not mine?  
 Did they not sometime cry " all hail ! " to me?  
 So Judas did to Christ : but he, in twelve,  
 Found truth in all but one ; I, in twelve thousand,  
 none.

God save the king ! Will no man say amen?  
 Am I both priest and clerk? well then, amen.  
 God save the king ! although I be not he ;  
 And yet, amen, if heaven do think him me.  
 To do what service am I sent for hither?

*York.* To do that office of thine own good will  
 Which tired majesty did make thee offer,  
 The resignation of thy state and crown  
 To Henry Bolingbroke.

*K. Rich.* Give me the crown. Here, cousin, seize the  
 crown ;  
 Here, cousin ;  
 On this side my hand, and on that side yours.  
 Now is this golden crown like a deep well  
 That owes two buckets, filling one another,  
 The emptier ever dancing in the air,  
 The other down, unseen and full of water :  
 That bucket down and full of tears am I,  
 Drinking my griefs, whilst you mount up on high.

190 *Boling.* I thought you had been willing to resign.

*K. Rich.* My crown I am ; but still my griefs are mine :

You may my glories and my state depose,  
But not my griefs ; still am I king of those.

*Boling.* Part of your cares you give me with your crown.

*K. Rich.* Your cares set up do not pluck my cares down.

My care is loss of care, by old care done ;  
Your care is gain of care, by new care won :  
The cares I give I have, though given away ;  
They tend the crown, yet still with me they stay.

200 *Boling.* Are you contented to resign the crown ?

*K. Rich.* Ay, no ; no, ay ; for I must nothing be ;  
Therefore no no, for I resign to thee.

Now mark me, how I will undo myself :  
I give this heavy weight from off my head  
And this unwieldy sceptre from my hand,  
The pride of kingly sway from out my heart ;  
With mine own tears I wash away my balm,  
With mine own hands I give away my crown,  
With mine own tongue deny my sacred state,

210 With mine own breath release all duty's rites :

All pomp and majesty I do forswear ;

My manors, rents, revenues I forgo ;

My acts, decrees, and statutes I deny :

God pardon all oaths that are broke to me !

God keep all vows unbroke that swear to thee !

Make me, that nothing have, with nothing grieved,

And thou with all pleased, that hast all achieved !

Long mayst thou live in Richard's seat to sit,

And soon lie Richard in an earthy pit !

220 God save King Harry, unking'd Richard says,

And send him many years of sunshine days !

What more remains ?

*North.* No more, but that you read  
These accusations and these grievous crimes

Committed by your person and your followers  
Against the state and profit of this land ;  
That, by confessing them, the souls of men  
May deem that you are worthily deposed.

*K. Rich.* Must I do so ? and must I ravel out  
My weaved-up folly ? Gentle Northumberland,  
230 If thy offences were upon record,  
Would it not shame thee in so fair a troop  
To read a lecture of them ? If thou wouldst,  
There shouldst thou find one heinous article,  
Containing the deposing of a king  
And cracking the strong warrant of an oath,  
Mark'd with a blot, damn'd in the book of heaven :  
Nay, all of you that stand and look upon,  
Whilst that my wretchedness doth bait myself,  
Though some of you with Pilate wash your hands,  
240 Showing an outward pity ; yet you Pilates  
Have here deliver'd me to my sour cross,  
And water cannot wash away your sin.

*North.* My lord, dispatch ; read o'er these articles.

*K. Rich.* Mine eyes are full of tears, I cannot see :  
And yet salt water blinds them not so much  
But they can see a sort of traitors here.  
Nay, if I turn mine eyes upon myself,  
I find myself a traitor with the rest ;  
For I have given here my soul's consent  
250 To undeck the pompous body of a king ;  
Made glory base and sovereignty a slave,  
Proud majesty a subject, state a peasant.

*North.* My lord,—

*K. Rich.* No lord of thine, thou haught insulting  
man,  
Nor no man's lord ; I have no name, no title,  
No, not that name was given me at the font,  
But 'tis usurp'd : alack the heavy day,  
That I have worn so many winters out,  
And know not now what name to call myself !  
260 O that I were a mockery king of snow,

Standing before the sun of Bolingbroke,  
To melt myself away in water-drops !  
Good king, great king, and yet not greatly good,  
An if my word be sterling yet in England,  
Let it command a mirror hither straight,  
That it may show me what a face I have,  
Since it is bankrupt of his majesty.

*Boling.* Go some of you and fetch a looking-glass.

*[Exit an Attendant.]*

*North.* Read o'er this paper while the glass doth come.

270 *K. Rich.* Fiend, thou torment'st me ere I come to hell !

*Boling.* Urge it no more, my Lord Northumberland.

*North.* The commons will not then be satisfied.

*K. Rich.* They shall be satisfied : I'll read enough,  
When I do see the very book indeed  
Where all my sins are writ, and that's myself.

*[Re-enter Attendant, with a glass.]*

Give me the glass, and therein will I read.  
No deeper wrinkles yet ? hath sorrow struck  
So many blows upon this face of mine,  
And made no deeper wounds ? O flattering glass,  
280 Like to my followers in prosperity,  
Thou dost beguile me ! Was this face the face  
That every day under his household roof  
Did keep ten thousand men ? was this the face  
That, like the sun, did make beholders wink ?  
Was this the face that faced so many follies,  
And was at last out-faced by Bolingbroke ?  
A brittle glory shineth in this face :  
As brittle as the glory is the face ;

*[Dashes the glass against the ground.]*

For there it is, crack'd in a hundred shivers.

290 *Mark,* silent king, the moral of this sport,  
How soon my sorrow hath destroy'd my face.

*Boling.* The shadow of your sorrow hath destroy'd  
The shadow of your face.

*K. Rich.* Say that again.

The shadow of my sorrow ! ha ! let's see :  
'Tis very true, my grief lies all within ;  
And these external manners of laments  
Are merely shadows to the unseen grief  
That swells with silence in the tortured soul ;  
There lies the substance : and I thank thee, king,  
300 For thy great bounty, that not only givest  
Me cause to wail, but teachest me the way  
How to lament the cause. I'll beg one boon,  
And then be gone and trouble you no more.  
Shall I obtain it ?

*Boling.* Name it, fair cousin.

*K. Rich.* " Fair cousin " ? I am greater than a king :  
For when I was a king my flatterers  
Were then but subjects ; being now a subject,  
I have a king here to my flatterer.  
Being so great, I have no need to beg.

*Boling.* Yet ask.

310 *K. Rich.* And shall I have ?

*Boling.* You shall.

*K. Rich.* Then give me leave to go.

*Boling.* Whither ?

*K. Rich.* Whither you will, so I were from your  
sights.

*Boling.* Go, some of you convey him to the Tower.

*K. Rich.* O, good ! convey ? conveyers are you all,  
That rise thus nimbly by a true king's fall.

[*Exeunt* KING RICHARD, some Lords, and a Guard.]

*Boling.* On Wednesday next we solemnly set down  
320 Our coronation : lords, prepare yourselves.

[*Exeunt all except the* BISHOP OF CARLISLE, *the* ABBOT  
OF WESTMINSTER, *and* AUMERLE.]

*Abbot.* A woeful pageant have we here beheld.

*Car.* The woe's to come ; the children yet unborn  
Shall feel this day as sharp to them as thorn.

ACT IV, SCENE i]

RICHARD II

*Aum.* You holy clergymen, is there no plot  
To rid the realm of this pernicious blot ?

*Abbot.* My lord,  
Before I freely speak my mind herein,  
You shall not only take the sacrament  
To bury mine intents, but also to effect  
Whatever I shall happen to devise.

I see your brows are full of discontent,  
Your hearts of sorrow and your eyes of tears :  
330 Come home with me to supper ; and I'll lay  
A plot shall show us all a merry day. [*Exeunt.*

## ACT V

### SCENE I

*London. A Street leading to the Tower.*

[*Enter QUEEN and Ladies.*]

*Queen.* This way the king will come ; this is the way  
To Julius Cæsar's ill-erected tower,  
To whose flint bosom my condemned lord  
Is doom'd a prisoner by proud Bolingbroke :  
Here let us rest, if this rebellious earth  
Have any resting for her true king's queen.

[*Enter RICHARD and Guard.*]

But soft, but see, or rather do not see,  
My fair rose wither : yet look up, behold,  
That you in pity may dissolve to dew,  
10 And wash him fresh again with true-love tears.  
Ah, thou, the model where old Troy did stand,  
Thou map of honour, thou King Richard's tomb,  
And not King Richard ; thou most beauteous inn,  
Why should hard-favour'd grief be lodged in thee,  
When triumph is become an alehouse guest ?

*K. Rich.* Join not with grief, fair woman, do not so,  
To make my end too sudden : learn, good soul,  
To think our former state a happy dream ;  
From which awaked, the truth of what we are  
20 Shows us but this : I am sworn brother, sweet,  
To grim Necessity, and he and I  
Will keep a league till death. Hie thee to France

And cloister thee in some religious house :  
Our holy lives must win a new world's crown,  
Which our profane hours here have stricken down.

*Queen.* What, is my Richard both in shape and mind  
Transform'd and weaken'd ? hath Bolingbroke de-  
posed

Thine intellect ? hath he been in thy heart ?

The lion dying thrusteth forth his paw,

30 And wounds the earth, if nothing else, with rage

To be o'erpower'd ; and wilt thou, pupil-like,

Take thy correction mildly, kiss the rod,

And fawn on rage with base humility,

Which art a lion and a king of beasts ?

*K. Rich.* A king of beasts, indeed ; if aught but  
beasts,

I had been still a happy king of men.

Good sometime queen, prepare thee hence for France :

Think I am dead, and that even here thou takest,

As from my death-bed, thy last living leave.

40 In winter's tedious nights sit by the fire

With good old folks, and let them tell thee tales

Of woeful ages long ago betid ;

And ere thou bid good-night, to quit their griefs,

Tell thou the lamentable tale of me,

And send the hearers weeping to their beds :

For why, the senseless brands will sympathize

The heavy accent of thy moving tongue,

And in compassion weep the fire out ;

And some will mourn in ashes, some coal-black,

50 For the deposing of a rightful king.

[*Enter NORTHUMBERLAND and others.*]

*North.* My lord, the mind of Bolingbroke is changed ;

You must to Pomfret, not unto the Tower.

And, madam, there is order ta'en for you ;

With all swift speed you must away to France.

*K. Rich.* Northumberland, thou ladder wherewithal  
The mounting Bolingbroke ascends my throne,  
The time shall not be many hours of age  
More than it is, ere foul sin gathering head  
Shall break into corruption : thou shalt think,  
60 Though he divide the realm, and give thee half,  
It is too little, helping him to all ;  
And he shall think that thou, which know'st the way  
To plant unrightful kings, wilt know again,  
Being ne'er so little urged, another way  
To pluck him headlong from the usurped throne.  
The love of wicked men converts to fear ;  
That fear to hate, and hate turns one or both  
To worthy danger and deserved death.

*North.* My guilt be on my head, and there an end.  
70 Take leave and part ; for you must part forthwith.

*K. Rich.* Doubly divorced ! Bad men, you violate  
A twofold marriage ; 'twixt my crown and me,  
And then betwixt me and my married wife.  
Let me unkiss the oath 'twixt thee and me ;  
And yet not so, for with a kiss 'twas made.  
Part us, Northumberland ; I towards the north,  
Where shivering cold and sickness pines the clime ;  
My wife to France : from whence, set forth in pomp,  
She came adorned hither like sweet May,  
80 Sent back like Hallowmass or short'st of day.

*Queen.* And must we be divided ? must we part ?

*K. Rich.* Ay, hand from hand, my love, and heart  
from heart.

*Queen.* Banish us both and send the king with me.

*North.* That were some love but little policy.

*Queen.* Then whither he goes, thither let me go.

*K. Rich.* So two, together weeping, make one woe.  
Weep thou for me in France, I for thee here ;  
Better far off than near, be ne'er the near.  
Go, count thy way with sighs ; I mine with groans.

90 *Queen.* So longest way shall have the longest moans.  
*K. Rich.* Twice for one step I'll groan, the way being short.

And piece the way out with a heavy heart.  
 Come, come, in wooing sorrow let's be brief,  
 Since, wedding it, there is such length in grief :  
 One kiss shall stop our mouths, and dumbly part ;  
 Thus give I mine, and thus take I thy heart.

*Queen.* Give me mine own again ; 'twere no good part  
 To take on me to keep and kill thy heart.  
 So, now I have mine own again, be gone,  
 100 That I may strive to kill it with a groan.

*K. Rich.* We make woe wanton with this fond delay :  
 Once more, adieu ; the rest let sorrow say.

[*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE II

*A Room in the DUKE OF YORK'S House.*

[*Enter YORK and his DUCHESS.*]

*Duch.* My lord, you told me you would tell the rest,  
 When weeping made you break the story off  
 Of our two cousins coming into London.

*York.* Where did I leave ?

*Duch.* At that sad stop, my lord,  
 Where rude misgovern'd hands from windows' tops  
 Threw dust and rubbish on King Richard's head.

*York.* Then, as I said, the duke, great Bolingbroke,  
 Mounted upon a hot and fiery steed  
 Which his aspiring rider seem'd to know,  
 10 With slow but stately pace kept on his course,  
 Whilst all tongues cried, " God save thee, Boling-  
 broke ! "

You would have thought the very windows spake,  
 So many greedy looks of young and old  
 Through casements darted their desiring eyes

Upon his visage, and that all the walls  
With painted imagery had said at once  
“ Jesu preserve thee ! welcome, Bolingbroke ! ”

Whilst he, from the one side to the other turning,  
Bareheaded, lower than his proud steed's neck,  
20 Bespake them thus ; “ I thank you, countrymen : ”  
And thus still doing, thus he pass'd along.

*Duch.* Alack, poor Richard ! where rode he the  
whilst ?

*York.* As in a theatre, the eyes of men,  
After a well-graced actor leaves the stage,  
Are idly bent on him that enters next,  
Thinking his prattle to be tedious ;  
Even so, or with much more contempt, men's eyes  
Did scowl on gentle Richard ; no man cried “ God  
save him ! ”

No joyful tongue gave him his welcome home :  
30 But dust was thrown upon his sacred head ;  
Which with such gentle sorrow he shook off,  
His face still combating with tears and smiles,  
The badges of his grief and patience,  
That had not God, for some strong purpose, steel'd  
The hearts of men, they must perforce have melted,  
And barbarism itself have pitied him.  
But heaven hath a hand in these events,  
To whose high will we bound our calm contents.  
To Bolingbroke are we sworn subjects now,  
40 Whose state and honour I for aye allow.

*Duch.* Here comes my son Aumerle.

*York.* Aumerle that was ;  
But that is lost for being Richard's friend,  
And, madam, you must call him Rutland now :  
I am in parliament pledge for his truth  
And lasting fealty to the new made king.

[Enter AUMERLE.]

*Duch.* Welcome, my son : who are the violets now  
That strew the green lap of the new come spring ?

*Aum.* Madam, I know not, nor I greatly care not :  
God knows I had as lief be none as one.

50 *York.* Well, bear you well in this new spring of time,  
Lest you be cropp'd before you come to prime.  
What news from Oxford? hold those justs and  
triumphs?

*Aum.* For aught I know, my lord, they do.

*York.* You will be there, I know.

*Aum.* If God prevent not, I purpose so.

*York.* What seal is that, that hangs without thy  
bosom?

Yea, look'st thou pale? let me see the writing.

*Aum.* My lord, 'tis nothing.

*York.* No matter, then, who see it :

I will be satisfied ; let me see the writing.

60 *Aum.* I do beseech your grace to pardon me :

It is a matter of small consequence,

Which for some reasons I would not have seen.

*York.* Which for some reasons, sir, I mean to see.

I fear, I fear,—

*Duch.* What should you fear?

'Tis nothing but some band, that he is enter'd into  
For gay apparel 'gainst the triumph day.

*York.* Bound to himself ! what doth he with a bond  
That he is bound to? Wife, thou art a fool.

Boy, let me see the writing.

70 *Aum.* I do beseech you, pardon me ; I may not  
show it.

*York.* I will be satisfied ; let me see it, I say.

[*He plucks it out of his bosom and reads it.*]

Treason ! foul treason ! Villain ! traitor ! slave !

*Duch.* What is the matter, my lord?

*York.* Ho ! who is within there?

[*Enter a Servant.*]

Saddle my horse.

God for his mercy, what treachery is here !

*Duch.* Why, what is it, my lord ?

*York.* Give me my boots, I say ; saddle my horse.

[*Exit Servant.*]

Now, by mine honour, by my life, by my troth,  
I will appeach the villain.

*Duch.* What is the matter ?

80 *York.* Peace, foolish woman.

*Duch.* I will not peace. What is the matter,  
Aumerle ?

*Aum.* Good mother, be content ; it is no more  
Than my poor life must answer.

*Duch.* Thy life answer !

*York.* Bring me my boots : I will unto the king.

[*Re-enter Servant with boots.*]

*Duch.* Strike him, Aumerle. Poor boy, thou art  
amazed.

Hence, villain ! never more come in my sight.

*York.* Give me my boots, I say.

*Duch.* Why, York, what wilt thou do ?

Wilt thou not hide the trespass of thine own ?

90 Have we more sons ? or are we like to have ?

Is not my teeming date drunk up with time ?

And wilt thou pluck my fair son from mine age,

And rob me of a happy mother's name ?

Is he not like thee ? is he not thine own ?

*York.* Thou fond mad woman,

Wilt thou conceal this dark conspiracy ?

A dozen of them here have ta'en the sacrament,

And interchangeably set down their hands,

To kill the king at Oxford.

*Duch.* He shall be none ;

100 We'll keep him here : then what is that to him ?

*York.* Away, fond woman ! were he twenty times  
my son,

I would appeach him.

*Duch.*

Hadst thou groan'd for him

As I have done, thou wouldst be more pitiful.

But now I know thy mind ; thou dost suspect

That I have been disloyal to thy bed,

And that he is a bastard, not thy son :

Sweet York, sweet husband, be not of that mind :

He is as like thee as a man may be,

Not like to me, or any of my kin,

110 And yet I love him.

*York.*

Make way, unruly woman ! [*Exit.*

*Duch.* After, Aumerle ! mount thee upon his horse ;

Spur post, and get before him to the king,

And beg thy pardon ere he do accuse thee.

I'll not be long behind ; though I be old,

I doubt not but to ride as fast as York :

And never will I rise up from the ground

Till Bolingbroke have pardon'd thee. Away, be gone !

[*Exeunt.*

### SCENE III

*A Room in Windsor Castle.*

[*Enter BOLINGBROKE, PERCY, and other Lords.*]

*Boling.* Can no man tell me of my unthrifty son ?

'Tis full three months since I did see him last :

If any plague hang over us, 'tis he.

I would to God, my lords, he might be found :

Inquire at London, 'mongst the taverns there,

For there, they say, he daily doth frequent,

With unrestrained loose companions,

Even such, they say, as stand in narrow lanes,

And beat our watch, and rob our passengers ;

10 Which he, young wanton and effeminate boy,

Takes on the point of honour to support

So dissolute a crew.

*Percy.* My lord, some two days since I saw the prince,

And told him of those triumphs held at Oxford.

*Boling.* And what said the gallant ?

*Percy.* His answer was, he would unto the stews.

And from the common'st creature pluck a glove,

And wear it as a favour ; and with that

He would unhorse the lustiest challenger.

20 *Boling.* As dissolute as desperate ; yet through both  
I see some sparks of better hope, which elder years  
May happily bring forth. But who comes here ?

[*Enter AUMERLE.*]

*Aum.* Where is the king ?

*Boling.* What means our cousin, that he stares and looks

So wildly ?

*Aum.* God save your grace ! I do beseech your majesty  
To have some conference with your grace alone.

*Boling.* Withdraw yourselves, and leave us here  
alone. [*Exeunt PERCY and Lords.*]

What is the matter with our cousin now ?

30 *Aum.* For ever may my knees grow to the earth,  
My tongue cleave to my roof within my mouth,  
Unless a pardon ere I rise or speak.

*Boling.* Intended or committed was this fault ?  
If on the first, how heinous e'er it be,  
To win thy after-love I pardon thee.

*Aum.* Then give me leave that I may turn the key,  
That no man enter till my tale be done.

*Boling.* Have thy desire.

*York.* [*Within*] My liege, beware ; look to thyself ;  
40 Thou hast a traitor in thy presence there.

*Boling.* Villain, I'll make thee safe. [*Drawing.*]

*Aum.* Stay thy revengeful hand ; thou hast no  
cause to fear.

*York.* [*Within*] Open the door, secure, foolhardy  
king :

Shall I for love speak treason to thy face ?  
Open the door, or I will break it open.

[*Enter YORK.*]

*Boling.* What is the matter, uncle ? speak ;  
Recover breath ; tell us how near is danger,  
That we may arm us to encounter it.

*York.* Peruse this writing here, and thou shalt know  
50 The treason that my haste forbids me show.

*Aum.* Remember, as thou read'st, thy promise  
pass'd :

I do repent me ; read not my name there ;  
My heart is not confederate with my hand.

*York.* It was, villain, ere thy hand did set it down.  
I tore it from the traitor's bosom, king ;  
Fear, and not love, begets his penitence :  
Forget to pity him, lest thy pity prove  
A serpent that will sting thee to the heart.

*Boling.* O heinous, strong and bold conspiracy !  
60 O loyal father of a treacherous son !  
Thou sheer, immaculate and silver fountain,  
From whence this stream through muddy passages  
Hath held his current and defiled himself !  
Thy overflow of good converts to bad,  
And thy abundant goodness shall excuse  
This deadly blot in thy digressing son.

*York.* So shall my virtue be his vice's bawd ;  
And he shall spend mine honour with his shame,  
As thriftless sons their scraping fathers' gold.  
70 Mine honour lives when his dishonour dies,  
Or my shamed life in his dishonour lies :  
Thou kill'st me in his life ; giving him breath,  
The traitor lives, the true man's put to death.

*Duch.* [*Within*] What ho, my liege ! for God's sake,  
let me in.

*Boling.* What shrill-voiced suppliant makes this  
eager cry ?

*Duch.* A woman, and thy aunt, great king ; 'tis I.  
Speak with me, pity me, open the door :  
A beggar begs that never begg'd before.

*Boling.* Our scene is alter'd from a serious thing,  
80 And now changed to " The Beggar and the King."  
My dangerous cousin, let your mother in :  
I know she is come to pray for your foul sin.

*York.* If thou do pardon, whosoever pray,  
More sins for this forgiveness prosper may.  
This fester'd joint cut off, the rest rest sound ;  
This let alone will all the rest confound.

[*Enter DUCHESS.*]

*Duch.* O king, believe not this hard-hearted man ,  
Love loving not itself none other can.

*York.* Thou frantic woman, what dost thou make  
here ?

90 Shall thy old dugs once more a traitor rear ?

*Duch.* Sweet York, be patient. Hear me, gentle  
liege. [Kneels.

*Boling.* Rise up, good aunt.

*Duch.* Not yet, I thee beseech :  
For ever will I walk upon my knees,  
And never see day that the happy sees,  
Till thou give joy ; until thou bid me joy,  
By pardoning Rutland, my transgressing boy.

*Aum.* Unto my mother's prayers I bend my knee.  
[Kneels.

*York.* Against them both my true joints bended be.  
[Kneels.

Ill mayst thou thrive, if thou grant any grace !

100 *Duch.* Pleads he in earnest ? Look upon his face ;  
His eyes do drop no tears, his prayers are in jest ;  
His words come from his mouth, ours from our breast :  
He prays but faintly and would be denied ;  
We pray with heart and soul and all beside :  
His weary joints would gladly rise, I know ;  
Our knees shall kneel till to the ground they grow :

His prayers are full of false hypocrisy ;

Ours of true zeal and deep integrity.

Our prayers do out-pray his ; then let them have

110 That mercy which true prayer ought to have.

*Boling.* Good aunt, stand up.

*Duch.* Nay, do not say, " stand up ; "

Say " pardon " first, and afterwards " stand up."

An if I were thy nurse, thy tongue to teach,

" Pardon " should be the first word of thy speech.

I never long'd to hear a word till now ;

Say " pardon," king ; let pity teach thee how :

The word is short, but not so short as sweet ;

No word like " pardon " for kings' mouths so meet.

*York.* Speak it in French, king ; say, " pardonne moi."

120 *Duch.* Dost thou teach pardon pardon to destroy ?

Ah, my sour husband, my hard-hearted lord,

That set'st the word itself against the word !

Speak " pardon " as 'tis current in our land ;

The chopping French we do not understand.

Thine eye begins to speak, set thy tongue there :

Or in thy piteous heart plant thou thine ear ;

That hearing how our plaints and prayers do pierce,

Pity may move thee " pardon " to rehearse.

*Boling.* Good aunt, stand up.

*Duch.* I do not sue to stand :

130 Pardon is all the suit I have in hand.

*Boling.* I pardon him, as God shall pardon me.

*Duch.* O happy vantage of a kneeling knee !

Yet am I sick for fear : speak it again ;

Twice saying " pardon " doth not pardon twain,

But makes one pardon strong.

*Boling.*

With all my heart

I pardon him.

*Duch.*

A god on earth thou art.

*Boling.* But for our trusty brother-in-law and the abbot,

With all the rest of that consorted crew,

Destruction straight shall dog them at the heels.

140 Good uncle, help to order several powers

To Oxford, or where'er these traitors are :

They shall not live within this world, I swear,

But I will have them, if I once know where.

Uncle, farewell : and, cousin too, adieu :

Your mother well hath pray'd, and prove you true.

*Duch.* Come, my old son : I pray God make thee  
new. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE IV

*The same.*

[*Enter* EXTON *and* *Servant.*]

*Exton.* Didst thou not mark the king, what words he  
spake,

“ Have I no friend will rid me of this living fear ? ”

Was it not so ?

*Ser.* These were his very words.

*Exton.* “ Have I no friend ? ” quoth he : he spake it  
twice,

And urged it twice together, did he not ?

*Ser.* He did.

*Exton.* And speaking it, he wistly look'd on me ;

As who should say, “ I would thou wert the man

That would divorce this terror from my heart ; ”

10 Meaning the king at Pomfret. Come, let's go :

I am the king's friend, and will rid his foe. [*Exeunt.*

7. *Wistly*, *Wishfully*.

## SCENE V

*A Room in Pomfret Castle.*

[*Enter KING RICHARD.*]

*K. Rich.* I have been studying how I may compare  
This prison where I live unto the world :  
And for because the world is populous,  
And here is not a creature but myself,  
I cannot do it ; yet I'll hammer it out.  
My brain I'll prove the female to my soul,  
My soul the father ; and these two beget  
A generation of still-breeding thoughts,  
And these same thoughts people this little world,  
10 In humours like the people of this world,  
For no thought is contented. The better sort,  
As thoughts of things divine, are intermix'd  
With scruples, and do set the word itself  
Against the word :  
As thus, " Come, little ones," and then again,  
" It is as hard to come as for a camel  
To thread the postern of a small needle's eye."  
Thoughts tending to ambition, they do plot  
Unlikely wonders ; how these vain weak nails  
20 May tear a passage through the flinty ribs  
Of this hard world, my ragged prison walls,  
And, for they cannot, die in their own pride.  
Thoughts tending to content flatter themselves  
That they are not the first of fortune's slaves,  
Nor shall not be the last ; like silly beggars  
Who sitting in the stocks refuge their shame,  
That many have and others must sit there ;  
And in this thought they find a kind of ease,  
Bearing their own misfortunes on the back  
30 Of such as have before endured the like.  
Thus play I in one person many people,  
And none contented : sometimes am I king ;

Then treasons make me wish myself a beggar,  
 And so I am : then crushing penury  
 Persuades me I was better when a king ;  
 Then am I king'd again : and by and by  
 Think that I am unking'd by Bolingbroke,  
 And straight am nothing : but whate'er I be,  
 Nor I nor any man that but man is  
 40 With nothing shall be pleased, till he be eased  
 With being nothing. Music do I hear ? *[Music.*  
 Ha, ha ! keep time : how sour sweet music is,  
 When time is broke and no proportion kept !  
 So is it in the music of men's lives.  
 And here have I the daintiness of ear  
 To check time broke in a disorder'd string ;  
 But for the concord of my state and time  
 Had not an ear to hear my true time broke.  
 I wasted time, and now doth time waste me ;  
 50 For now hath time made me his numbering clock :  
 My thoughts are minutes ; and with sighs they jar  
 Their watches on unto mine eyes, the outward watch,  
 Whereeto my finger, like a dial's point,  
 Is pointing still, in cleansing them from tears.  
 Now sir, the sound that tells what hour it is  
 Are clamorous groans, which strike upon my heart,  
 Which is the bell : so sighs and tears and groans  
 Show minutes, times, and hours : but my time  
 Runs posting on in Bolingbroke's proud joy,  
 60 While I stand fooling here, his Jack o' the clock.  
 This music mads me ; let it sound no more ;  
 For though it hath help madmen to their wits,  
 In me it seems it will make wise men mad.  
 Yet blessing on his heart that gives it me !  
 For 'tis a sign of love ; and love to Richard  
 Is a strange brooch in this all-hating world.

*[Enter a Groom of the Stable.]*

*Groom.* Hail, royal prince !

*K. Rich.*

Thanks, noble peer ;

The cheapest of us is ten groats too dear.

What art thou ? and how comest thou hither,

70 Where no man never comes, but that sad dog

That brings me food to make misfortune live ?

*Groom.* I was a poor groom of thy stable, king,  
When thou wert king ; who, travelling towards York,  
With much ado at length have gotten leave  
To look upon my sometimes royal master's face.

O, how it yearn'd my heart when I beheld

In London streets, that coronation-day,

When Bolingbroke rode on roan Barbary,

That horse that thou so often hast bestrid,

80 That horse that I so carefully have dress'd !

*K. Rich.* Rode he on Barbary ? Tell me, gentle  
friend,

How went he under him ?

*Groom.* So proudly as if he disdain'd the ground.*K. Rich.* So proud that Bolingbroke was on his  
back !

That jade hath eat bread from my royal hand ;

This hand hath made him proud with clapping him.

Would he not stumble ? would he not fall down,

Since pride must have a fall, and break the neck

Of that proud man that did usurp his back ?

90 Forgiveness, horse ! why do I rail on thee,

Since thou, created to be awed by man,

Wast born to bear ? I was not made a horse ;

And yet I bear a burden like an ass,

Spurr'd, gall'd, and tired by jauncing Bolingbroke.

[*Enter Keeper, with a dish.*]*Keep.* Fellow, give place ; here is no longer stay.*K. Rich.* If thou love me, 'tis time thou wert away.*Groom.* What my tongue dares not, that my heart  
shall say. [Exit.]

*Keep.* My lord, will 't please you to fall to ?

*K. Rich.* Taste of it first, as thou art wont to do.

100 *Keep.* My lord, I dare not : Sir Pierce of Exton, who lately came from the king, commands the contrary.

*K. Rich.* The devil take Henry of Lancaster and thee !  
Patience is stale, and I am weary of it.

[*Beats the Keeper.*]

*Keep.* Help, help, help !

[*Enter EXTON and Servants, armed.*]

*K. Rich.* How now ! what means death in this rude assault ?

Villain, thy own hand yields thy death's instrument.

[*Snatching an axe from a Servant and killing him.*]

Go thou, and fill another room in hell.

[*He kills another. Then EXTON strikes him down.*]

That hand shall burn in never-quenching fire

That staggers thus my person. Exton, thy fierce hand

Hath with the king's blood stain'd the king's own land.

110 Mount, mount, my soul ! thy seat is up on high ;

Whilst my gross flesh sinks downward, here to die.

[*Dies.*]

*Exton.* As full of valour as of royal blood :

Both have I spill'd ; O would the deed were good !

For now the devil, that told me I did well,

Says that this deed is chronicled in hell.

This dead king to the living king I'll bear :

Take hence the rest, and give them burial here.

[*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE VI

*A Room in Windsor Castle.*

[*Flourish. Enter BOLINGBROKE, YORK, with other Lords, and Attendants.*]

*Boling.* Kind uncle York, the latest news we hear  
Is that the rebels have consumed with fire

Our town of Cicester in Gloucestershire ;  
But whether they be ta'en or slain we hear not.

[*Enter* NORTHUMBERLAND.]

Welcome, my lord : what is the news ?

*North.* First, to thy sacred state wish I all happiness.  
The next news is, I have to London sent  
The heads of Oxford, Salisbury, Blunt, and Kent.  
The manner of their taking may appear  
10 At large discoursed in this paper here.

*Boling.* We thank thee, gentle Percy, for thy pains,  
And to thy worth will add right worthy gains.

[*Enter* FITZWATER.]

*Fitz.* My lord, I have from Oxford sent to London  
The heads of Brocas and Sir Bennet Seely,  
Two of the dangerous consorted traitors  
That sought at Oxford thy dire overthrow.

*Boling.* Thy pains, Fitzwater, shall not be forgot ;  
Right noble is thy merit, well I wot.

[*Enter* PERCY, and the BISHOP OF CARLISLE.]

*Percy.* The grand conspirator, Abbot of Westminster,  
20 With clog of conscience and sour melancholy  
Hath yielded up his body to the grave ;  
But here is Carlisle living, to abide  
Thy kingly doom and sentence of his pride.

*Boling.* Carlisle, this is your doom :  
Choose out some secret place, some reverend room,  
More than thou hast, and with it joy thy life ;  
So as thou livest in peace, die free from strife :  
For though mine enemy thou hast ever been,  
High sparks of honour in thee have I seen.

[*Enter* EXTON, with persons bearing a coffin.]

30 *Exton.* Great king, within this coffin I present

15. *Consorted*, Leagued together.

Thy buried fear : herein all breathless lies  
The mightiest of thy great enemies,  
Richard of Bordeaux, by me hither brought.

*Boling.* Exton, I thank thee not ; for thou hast wrought

A deed of slander, with thy fatal hand,  
Upon my head and all this famous land.

*Exton.* From your own mouth, my lord, did I this deed.

*Boling.* They love not poison that do poison need,  
Nor do I thee : though I did wish him dead,

40 I hate the murderer, love him murdered.

The guilt of conscience take thou for thy labour,  
But neither my good word nor princely favour :  
With Cain go wander thorough shades of night,  
And never show thy head by day nor light.

Lords, I protest, my soul is full of woe,  
That blood should sprinkle me to make me grow :  
Come, mourn with me for that I do lament,  
And put on sullen black incontinent :

I'll make a voyage to the Holy Land,

50 To wash this blood off from my guilty hand :

March sadly after ; grace my mournings here

In weeping after this untimely bier. [*Exeunt.*

48. *Incontinent*, Immediately.

## ADDITIONAL NOTES

### ACT I. SCENE I

Line 1. The play begins with a full-stage scene ; the place, as we know from Holinshed, is Windsor ; the date is a day in April 1398. King Richard is thirty-one years of age ; his uncle, the Duke of Lancaster (called John of Gaunt, from Ghent, his birthplace), is no more than fifty-eight. But he is not unreasonably spoken of as " time-honour'd," for he is worn out and near the common limit of man's life in that period. When Shakespeare wrote, not one of the twenty-three kings of England since the Conquest had reached seventy, and only five had passed sixty ; soldiers were naturally still more short-lived. In any case, Shakespeare, being in need of a grand figure of an aged warrior, would make one as he pleased.

3. Henry Hereford began public life with the courtesy title of Earl of Derby, and had been created Duke of Hereford in the year before the play begins. His earlier and more familiar name of " Bolingbroke " came from his birthplace—Bolingbroke, in Lincolnshire. At the date of this scene he was a strong, young, red-bearded man of thirty-two, with some experience of war (in Prussia and Barbary), and much cool, practical ability. The power and wealth of the house of Lancaster was immense ; their estates were said to cover nearly one-third of the land of England, and when Richard invaded Scotland in 1386 they brought 1,050 men-of-arms and 3,050 archers to an army in which the king's own troops only numbered 800 men-of-arms and 2,050 archers, and no other leader provided half as many. The character and

## ADDITIONAL NOTES

position of Bolingbroke were, therefore, just what were needed for the drama, and Shakespeare had only to bring out the man's unscrupulous, solid, carefully prepared efficiency, in contrast with Richard's personal charm and moral and practical irresponsibility.

24. *Immortal title*, the title of Saint.

95. *These eighteen years* are the years since Wat Tyler's Rebellion, the first trouble of Richard's reign.

168. The order is "my fair name, That lives upon my grave despite of death"; it is violently altered to make a rhyme.

174. In heraldry lions *passant guardant* (as in the royal arms) were formerly called leopards or libberds, but there is no heraldic allusion here. The reference is to the ancient position of the lion in fable as the king of beasts.

204. The "Lord Marshal" or "Earl Marshal," on this occasion, was Thomas, Duke of Surrey, Richard's nephew. The "Marshal" in this line is probably meant to be a deputy, perhaps the "Officer" in I. iii. 103; the word "Lord" is an interpolation, adding an unmetrical syllable to the line.

## ACT I. SCENE II

Lines 46-53. Eleanor (de Bohun), Duchess of Gloucester, was Hereford's aunt by her marriage to John of Gaunt's youngest brother, Thomas of Woodstock, Duke of Gloucester, and also his sister-in-law by his marriage with Mary de Bohun, her sister. She calls him cousin: by the old custom all great nobles were addressed as cousins of the royal house. In I. iv. 20, on the other hand, Richard uses the word strictly, both of Hereford and Aumerle.

66. Plashy, or Pleshy, a village in Essex, where Gloucester had his principal seat, and where Richard had captured him a year before the play opens.

## RICHARD II

### ACT I. SCENE III

Line 63. "My loving lord" is evidently the Earl Marshal, who in line 251 refuses to take leave of Bolingbroke, and offers to accompany him as far as his port of departure. Historically he was an enemy to Bolingbroke.

75. *Waxen coat*—that is, that it may enter Mowbray's coat as if it were of wax.

95. *To jest*, to play.

118. To throw down the warder, or staff, was the signal to stop a fight.

121-4. Richard withdraws with his Council to keep up the appearance of judicial ceremony. The interval (of two hours historically) is represented in stage-time by a long, and no doubt tedious, flourish of trumpets.

134-8. *Which so roused up*. The idea of peace is an unusual one; it is peace when asleep, but when roused up with drums and trumpets it becomes war, and frights fair peace away. The confusion is due to the recollection of the "pride and envy" in lines 129-30, which are the actors in the awakening.

196. *Sepúlchre*, here accented on the penultimate, as in its Latin original. Such alternative pronunciations were common in Shakespeare's day (*éxtreme* and *cóplete*). Later examples are Milton's *óbscure*, Vaughan's *pérspectives*, and Shelley's *prófuse strains* (so read in the first half of the nineteenth century). Lawyers still speak of "a Court of Recórd."

241. *A partial slander*, an accusation of partiality; as we say "a criminal charge" for a charge of criminal conduct.

271-4. The mediæval "apprentice" was bound by indenture to serve the master who instructed him in his craft for certain years. He then travelled for a year, and finally became a duly qualified "journeyman," having earned his "freedom."

## ADDITIONAL NOTES

275-6. This is from Lyly's *Euphues* (1579-80). "Plato would never accompt him banished . . . where the same sunne and the same moone shined, whereby he noted that every place was a country to a wise man."

278. The union of virtue and necessity is of great antiquity. Geoffrey de Vinsauf, the Chronicler of Cœur-de-Lion's Crusade in 1190, writes: "Our men therefore made a virtue of necessity" (*de necessitate facientes virtutem* . . .), and the phrase came to him no doubt from St. Jerome (330-420), who uses it twice. Shakespeare also uses it in *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, IV. i. 62. He probably got it, consciously or unconsciously, from Chaucer (*The Knight's Tale*, line 68 from end):—

"Then it is wisdom, as it thenketh me,  
To maken vertu of necessitee."

### ACT I. SCENE IV

Line 1. *We did observe* is evidently the ending of a conversation with Bagot and Green, the substance of which is repeated to Aumerle in lines 23-36. In the broken line 23, it would seem natural to expect the names of Bagot and Green as well as that of Bushy; and they were, in fact, added in the Folio edition.

45. Richard leased out, or "farmed," his revenues to Scroop, Bushy, Bagot, and Green, for a payment of £7,000 a month.

48. *Blank charters*, promises to pay, signed, but with a blank left for the amount.

### ACT II. SCENE I

Gaunt, though a dying man, is not in bed during this scene, for at line 137 he gives the order: "Convey

## RICHARD II

me to my bed." He may be imagined as led in by his attendants and his brother York, and then lying on a couch.

Lines 40-55. After three hundred and thirty years this splendid piece of lyrical patriotism still moves the lovers of England as it did at first. Its immediate and widespread popularity is proved by the curious fact that it is included in Robert Allot's *England's Parnassus*, an anthology published in 1600, and there attributed to Michael Drayton; we may infer that the lines were known even to those who were ignorant or forgetful of their origin and authorship.

55. Two English kings, Richard Cœur-de-Lion and Edward I., went to the Crusades.

*Stubborn Jewry.* The mediæval world was set upon the conversion of the Jews to Christianity, and their obstinate resistance became proverbial; so Marvell says *To His Coy Mistress* :—

“ And you should, if you please, refuse  
Till the conversion of the Jews ; ”

as we might say “ till Doomsday ” or “ to the end of Time.”

70. If “ raged ” is not a misprint it must mean “ treated roughly.”

85. “ No, it is misery (not sickness) which makes sport mock it.”

86. *My name*, not “ my family,” for Lancaster left eight children, but “ the quality of *gaunt*,” on which he is still punning.

102-3. The meaning is plain, but to get the full connotation of the words *verge* and *waste* it must be remembered that they were both technical terms, and cast, as it were, a kind of legal shadow beside their ordinary sense. *Verge* was the twelve-mile circle round a king's court; *waste* was the damage or

## ADDITIONAL NOTES

dilapidation done to a landed estate by a tenant for life or other temporary occupant.

104-7. This is the view of the Gaunt and Gloucester party. But, in fact, they had, during Richard's minority, treated him with severity, and Gloucester had, in Parliament, thrown out suggestions for deposing him. Edward III., "with a prophet's eye," had actually foreseen this, and made all Richard's uncles swear allegiance to him.

114. "Thy legal estate, as king, is bondslave to the law," because thou hast leased it, like a landlord, to Scroop, Bushy, Bagot, and Green.

126. The pelican was fabled to feed her young by "tapping out" blood from her own breast.

157. *No venom else*. There are no snakes in Ireland.

167. Bolingbroke, in exile at the Court of France, had proposed to marry (for his third wife) a cousin of the French king; but Richard had effectually protested.

185. *Compare between*. The sentence is ungrammatical, or simply unfinished. York is often a confused speaker, and here he seems unwilling to say boldly "between you and your father."

195. "If you take Hereford's rights away you might as well take from Time his customary rights. Then one day will no longer follow another, nor will you have your kingdom by fair sequence and succession."

247. *And quite lost their hearts*. The true text has been lost here, and the line filled in, unrhythmically and inappropriately, with words borrowed from the next line, where they are clearly in place.

254. Richard had given up Brest to the Duke of Brittany. The Gloucester faction had continually clamoured for the war with France to be renewed.

*Noble* is omitted in the Folio, and the metre is thereby regularized; but as the word is in the Quarto and in Holinshed (iii. 478) there can be no doubt that Shakespeare wrote it.

## RICHARD II

280. As Cobham had not been in Exeter's custody, nor had he a brother who had been archbishop, there must be a line lost here ; and it can be restored with practical certainty as " Thomas, son to the Earl of Arundel." Richard, Earl of Arundel, an adherent of Gloucester, had been attainted and executed four years before. His son and heir, Thomas, was committed to the keeping of Exeter, and as, owing to the attainder, he could not succeed to the earldom, he could only be described as " son to the Earl of Arundel," whom every one remembered, and whose brother had been deposed from the Archbishopric of Canterbury.

286. *Men of war*, not ships but soldiers.

296. Ravenspurgh was the southernmost point of Yorkshire, at the mouth of the Humber. Spurn Head alone remains of it ; the sea had submerged the rest even in Shakespeare's time.

### ACT II. SCENE II

Line 34. *'Tis nothing less*, " It is anything but that."

52. *That is worse*, " That that is worse," or " What is worse."

57. *The rest revolted faction*, the rest of the revolted faction. An awkwardly condensed phrase, like *the rest appeal'd* for " the rest of what is charged " in I. i. 142.

74. The " signs of war " are probably the topmost rings of the hauberk, or shirt of chain-mail, appearing above the civilian pourpoint or closely buttoned coat.

88. From this line onward York speaks in very defective verse, befitting his confusion and alarm.

105. *Sister-cousin* must refer to the Duchess of Gloucester, whose death he has failed to realize, though it was announced to him only eight lines before.

## ADDITIONAL NOTES

### ACT II. SCENE III

Line 4. *These high wild hills* must be the Cotswolds, high and wild no doubt to Shakespeare, but hardly to Northumberland.

36. *Boy*; 42. *Young*. The historical Hotspur was thirty-five, or two years older than Bolingbroke.

61. *Unfelt*, not unfelt by Bolingbroke but by his friends, to whom the thanks are to be one day paid.

79. *The absent time*, the time of the king's absence.

99. *Lord* is probably here a dissyllable, but some editors have preferred to read conjecturally "the lord."

100. Gaunt and York are nowhere recorded to have been present together in any of the Black Prince's battles.

166. This memorable phrase is taken from Stephen Gosson's tract, "The School of Abuse" (1579).

### ACT II. SCENE IV

Line 8. The withering of the bay trees comes in Holinshed at an earlier date, and only in the second edition (1586), which must therefore have been the one Shakespeare read.

21. One of Richard's badges was the sun breaking from clouds; but it might equally well represent the sun sinking into clouds.

### ACT III. SCENE I

Line 3. *Part* is here used transitively as the equivalent of *leave*, *part from*. This use was rare even in Shakespeare's time, and is now obsolete; but we still retain a similar use of *depart* in the phrase "he departed this life."

11-15. This accusation of Bolingbroke's is as com-

## RICHARD II

pletely groundless as the actual statement which he made that Richard was not the legitimate son of the Black Prince. Shakespeare imitated it from Marlowe's *Edward II.*, and its effect, whether intentional or not, is to raise indignation against Bolingbroke for making a charge which we know to be groundless, from what we see in the play of the affection between Richard and the Queen.

24. *My household coat*, his coat of arms, which would be seen not only in stained glass in his windows, but also as a badge on the coats of his household.

### ACT III. SCENE II

Line 1. "Barkloughly," or "Barclowlie," is a mistake inherited from Holinshed, who gives it instead of "Hertlowli," the name which he found in the Chronicle of the Monk of Evesham. It is in reality the castle now called Harlech, on the coast of Wales.

36. Richard's character includes a personal and almost sentimental love of symbols, quite different from Bolingbroke's practical view of "impreses" and "household coats" as property labels. The badge of the Sun in his Splendour is here (line 50) actually identified by Richard with himself, and it is faintly engraved all over the gold bronze robes in which he lies on his tomb in Westminster Abbey.

38. *That lights* refers back to "the scorching eye of heaven," not to "the globe," which is clearly the earth.

84. *Coward majesty*. The Folio changes this to "sluggard majesty," an improvement, possibly, but not necessarily Shakespeare's own.

117. *Double-fatal* because weapons were made of them and cattle are poisoned by their leaves.

130. Probably a reminiscence of Froissart's story of the dog Math, who, when Richard was captured by

## ADDITIONAL NOTES

Bolingbroke, at once forsook his old master and fawned upon the usurper. For the purpose of this play Shakespeare preferred to invent a story of an unfaithful horse. (See V. v. 76-84.)

134. For these two lines the Quarto reading is—

“Terrible hell make war upon  
Their spotted souls for this offence!”

Similar short, forcible lines occur again in this scene (175-6), and are left unaltered in the Folio.

153. *That small model of the barren earth* is clearly the body, the microcosm or miniature world, as it was called by the mediæval alchemists.

156-60. It would seem that Shakespeare's memory was already stored not only with such plays as Marlowe's *Edward II.* and *Henry VI.*, but also with the materials to be afterwards used in his own *Richard III.*, *Macbeth*, and *Hamlet*.

168. *Humour'd thus* refers not to Death, but to the king, whom he first humours and then destroys.

218. Richard's badge becomes Bolingbroke's; everything else must go with it.

### ACT III. SCENE III

The battlements of Flint Castle, upon which Richard and his friends appear in line 62, are represented by the balcony shown in the Note on Staging. At line 183 the king and his party go down, and at line 186 reappear in the base court represented by the middle stage, with its pillars and eaves. (See illustration in Note on Staging, page 16.)

Line 14. *Taking so the head*, with the double meaning of taking Richard's title off, and “taking his head,” as a horse does when he rebels against his rider.

40. “Provided that the repeal of my banishment and the restoring of my lands be freely granted”; a

## RICHARD II

Latin construction like Milton's "After the Tuscan mariners transformed."

52. For *tatter'd* the Quarto has "totter'd," which would mean "shaken" instead of "torn" or "dilapidated."

102. *Civil arms*, arms in civil war; *uncivil*, uncivilized, barbarous.

131-2. This idea of gaining time for a counter-revolution was probably the secret of the historical Richard's tame surrender, for he had proved himself capable of long and patient deception in the episode of his friend de Vere. But it was unsuited to the king's character as portrayed in this play, and Shakespeare therefore attributes it to Aumerle.

192. *Me rather had* seems to be compounded from two more ordinary forms: "I had rather" and "Me liefer were."

195. Richard here raises his hand to his own head.

204. Richard was historically one year younger than Bolingbroke, but Shakespeare throughout increases the difference, and, by the scale of worldly wisdom, he is justified.

## ACT III. SCÈNE IV

Line 1. *In this garden*. These words are probably the substitute for garden scenery; and the *trees*, in line 25, serve the same purpose. See Note on Staging, page 18.

4. *Rubs*, in the game of bowls, are unevennesses in the ground; *bias* is the loading in one side of the bowl, which makes it run on a curve instead of a straight line.

7-8. *Measure*, proportion, but also with a punning reference to *measure*, a stately dance.

22. "And I could sing for gladness, if so simple a cure as weeping would do me good."

## ADDITIONAL NOTES

28. "Woeful misfortune is forerun by woeful talk."

69. *'Tis doubt, 'tis feared.*

72. Accused persons who refused to plead were "pressed" by the *peine forte et dure* of heavy weights laid upon them. The punishment must have been familiar in Shakespeare's time, for he uses the metaphor in both earlier and later plays.

105. *Rue* is here (wrongly) derived from "ruth" or repentance, the "grace" which it was used to symbolize.

## ACT IV. SCENE I

Line 4. *Wrought it with the king*, wrought upon the king to do it. The question is asked deliberately, to lead to the accusing of Aumerle.

10. *The dead time*, the dead dark, the dead of night, or the time of dead secrecy.

21. *My fair stars*, my honourable birth, as witnessed by the stars in his horoscope.

25. The gage, as we know from Holinshed, was his hood. In the end there were more than twenty hoods on the floor of the hall.

29. Bagot is assumed by Shakespeare to be of ignoble birth, though his name makes this improbable.

33. "If your valour stands out for an adversary of equal rank with yourself." Here and elsewhere Shakespeare uses "sympathy" for correspondence or equality of any kind, without mutual feeling—for example, "Sympathy in years, manners, and beauties."

40. *Rapier*, a weapon new in Shakespeare's time. If the reader's imagination is using fourteenth-century costume, the rapier must be replaced by a sword, otherwise it is one of the anachronisms so easily accepted by the Elizabethans.

44. Percy's appearance here is a happy guess of the dramatist. He was never a peer of Parliament, yet it

is recorded on the Roll that on October 23, 1399, on the debate as to the safe custody of the late king (Richard II.), he was present there and voted among the "*Seigneurs demandez et assentuz sur la question sus-dite.*" As a neighbour of his, William de Hylton, also sat and voted on this occasion without ever having been a peer of Parliament, it would seem that the Northumberland section of Bolingbroke's party were frank revolutionaries.

52. "I task the earth with the load of another like gage"—throwing down another hood.

55. *From sun to sun*, for a whole day and night.

57. To "set" is to put down a stake, at dicing; to "throw" is to make a cast of the dice.

74. *In a wilderness*, where they could fight without interruption and without seconds.

76. *My bond of faith*, another hood thrown down.

78. *This new world*, the world after the revolution. *As I intend to thrive* is a reminiscence of the "So mote I the (So may I thrive)" common in Chaucer's England; but the change to "As I intend" gives it a cynical and violent turn.

83. Aumerle has already used his own hood, in line 25. Holinshed says that he threw down "another hood which he had borrowed," and Shakespeare remembers it as a convincing detail.

92-7. Here, on the other hand, Shakespeare in amplifying his authorities makes a mistake. Holinshed says that Norfolk died at Venice in 1399, and Stowe adds that it was on his return from Jerusalem. He may have been at Jerusalem, but it could only have been on an ordinary pilgrimage; there was no Crusade between 1396 and 1439, nor did any Crusader reach Jerusalem after the twelfth century.

112. This line, where *fourth* must be read as a dissyllable, is in the Folio regularized to "And long live Henry, of that name the Fourth!"

115. "I am worst entitled to speak, by reason of my

## ADDITIONAL NOTES

humble birth (or perhaps my allegiance to Richard), but best by reason of my duty as a churchman."

120. *Learn him forbearance.* From the root of the Anglo-Saxon *læran* (meaning originally "to go over") came the two English words, both spelled *learn*, corresponding to the German forms *lehren* and *lehrenen*, to *teach* and to *learn*. In accordance with our custom of dropping one of a confusing pair of words or meanings, our use of *learn=teach* was eventually banned as a vulgarism, but it still survives in dialect, and in two passages in the Prayer Book version of the Psalms: "Learn me Thy statutes." Shakespeare makes Caliban say to Prospero (*Tempest*, I. ii. 365):

"The red plague rid you  
For learning me your language!"

136. This prophecy of the Wars of the Roses is Shakespeare's own invention, and characteristic of his broad general survey of English history.

141. "Shall make members of the same family, and men of the same race, mingle in war against one another."

144. Golgotha means "the place of a skull" (Matthew xxvii. 33).

145. "Every city or house divided against itself shall not stand" (Matthew xii. 25) is the first and last word on civil war.

154. Here begins the famous "Deposition Scene" (lines 154-318), which was vetoed by the Licensor when the play was first produced, and omitted from the first two Quartos, in accordance with the law forbidding playwrights to touch on "matters of religion or governance of the estate of the common weal." Under this statute the veto was certainly justified; the conspirators in Essex's rebellion of 1601 induced Ambrose Phillips and his fellows to act "the play of the deposing and killing of King Richard the Second" by way of propaganda; and Queen

## RICHARD II

Elizabeth afterwards asserted that "this tragedy was played forty times in open streets and houses," adding, "I am Richard the Second; know ye not that?" The scene was first printed in the Quarto of 1608.

201. In Shakespeare's day the word "ay" was regularly printed phonetically as "I," and this must be remembered by the reader if he wishes to unravel the elaborate punning in these lines. "Yes, no; no, yes," is also to be taken as "I? no! no 'I'; for I must nothing be"; and then, "Therefore no 'No,' for I resign ('Ay' resigns) to thee."

229. *Gentle Northumberland* is perhaps the bitterest epithet in this play.

253-4. In Marlowe's *Edward II.*, in the deposition scene, the king is addressed as "My lord," and replies, "Call me not lord; away—out of my sight."

256. Froissart makes Bolingbroke visit Richard in the Tower, and say to him (when showing him "some part of his faults"), "The common rumour runneth through England, and in other places, that ye were never son to the Prince of Wales." He adds that Bolingbroke claimed the crown in Parliament by three reasons, the second of which was "because he was heir"—that is, because Richard was not legitimate. This wholly unjustifiable claim may have been suggested by the legend that Richard had originally been baptized by the name of John, which was changed because of its ill-omened associations. The author of the contemporary *Chronique de la Traison et Mort de Richart* says that the king after his deposition was called "John of Bordeaux" and "John of London."

262. Another reminiscence of Marlowe (*Faustus*, V. iii.), "O Soul, be chang'd to little water-drops."

281. Marlowe's *Faustus* (V. i.) says of Helen:—

"Was this the face that launch'd a thousand ships  
And burnt the topless towers of Ilium?"

283. Another telling detail remembered from Holin-

## ADDITIONAL NOTES

shed (iii. 508): "There resorted dailie to his court above ten thousand persons that had meat and drinke there allowed them."

292. This is a sneer which only a literal-minded man would make: "Your imaginary face (in the mirror) is destroyed by your imaginary sorrow." Prosaic people generally think imaginative feelings (of others) are imaginary.

308. *To my flatterer*—that is, for; "Give me the damsel to wife" (Genesis xxxiv. 4).

317. *Convey*, to transfer property from one person to another legally; hence, in humorous slang, to steal. So in *The Merry Wives of Windsor* (I. iii.):—

"*Nym*. The good humour is to steal at a minute's rest.

"*Pistol*. 'Convey,' the wise it call. 'Steal!' a fico for the phrase."

## ACT V. SCENE I

Line 2. *Ill-erected*, not "badly built," but built by Julius Cæsar (they believed) for the bad purpose of subjugating England.

8. *My fair rose*. Shakespeare succeeds, by very few touches of this kind, in giving a vivid impression of Richard's beauty, and especially of his delicate colouring, now rose and now pale. Afterwards, in *1 Henry IV.* (I. iii. 175), even Hotspur speaks of him as "Richard, that sweet lovely rose."

11. *Thou*, Richard, the withered *rose*, the *Troy* so ruined that only its *model*, or ground plan, remains, the mere *map*, or outline, of former honour, the *most beauteous inn* compared with that *alehouse*, Bolingbroke.

29. This is Marlowe's simile in *Edward II.* (V. 1. 12):—

"But when the imperial lion's flesh is gored,  
He rends and tears it with his wrathful paw."

## RICHARD II

43. *To quit their griefs*, to requite or repay their stories of grief.

46. *Brands*, the logs of the evening fire.

48. *Fire* is commonly a dissyllable in Elizabethan :  
“ For violent fires soon burn out themselves.”

55-9. In 2 *Henry IV.* (III. i. 70-7) Shakespeare makes Bolingbroke, now a sick and despairing king, recall these lines as a prophecy of Northumberland's rebellion against himself.

80. *Hallowmass*, or Allhallows, is the feast of All Saints, on November 1st. *Short'st of day* is December 21st, the shortest day in the year.

88. *Be ne'er the near* (nearer)—that is, “ Better far off than near, if you would be none the nearer.”

## ACT V. SCENE II

Line 24. *Well-graced*, well appreciated or applauded.

41. *Aumerle that was*. On November 3rd the Dukes of Aumerle, Surrey, and Exeter had all been reduced to their old rank of earls (Rutland, Kent, and Huntingdon) as punishment for opposing Bolingbroke.

56. *Seal*, the waxen impression, attached by a strip of parchment to a “ deed under seal.”

81. *I will not peace*, making a new verb out of the substantive in “ (hold your) peace ” ; as York did (II. iii. 87), “ Uncle me no uncle.”

91. *Teeming date*, age for child bearing.

97. *Ta'en the sacrament*—that is, sworn an oath, or taken a vow, on the Sacrament.

99. *He shall be none*—that is, he shall not be one of them.

III. *Upon his horse*, must mean that Aumerle was to get hold of the horse which his father would just be ordering ; and so gain time on him doubly.

## ADDITIONAL NOTES

112. *Spur post*, ride post-haste ; the Folio changes this by a comma to “*Spur, post*”—that is, “*Spur ! hasten !*”

### ACT V. SCENE III

Line 1. *Unthrifty*, “ne’er-do-weel,” rather than “spendthrift.”

10. *Which* for “whom” ; but even so the construction is ungrammatical and in the idiom of Mrs. Gamp.

22. *Happily*, haply, or by good luck.

34. *If on the first*, if only intended.

36. In Holinshed Aumerle shuts the castle gates ; as these were not visible from indoors, Shakespeare makes him lock the door instead, and so “dramatizes” the act.

44. *Treason*, by calling him foolhardy and the like.

80. An allusion to “A Song of a Beggar and a King,” the ballad of “King Cophetua and the Beggar Maid.”

119. *Pardonne moi*, “excuse me”—that is, “I will not.”

137. *Brother-in-law*, Huntingdon (Exeter) had married Bolingbroke’s sister Elizabeth.

140. *Order several powers*, order separate forces.

142. Aumerle was a poor creature, but he remained “true” to Henry IV., and was allowed to succeed his father as Duke of York. He was killed at Agincourt, under Henry V.

### ACT V. SCENE IV

Line 1. *Exton*. The only Extons in the records now available are Nicholas Exton, a collector of customs in the Port of London in the first year of Henry IV., and Sir Thomas Exton, Lord Mayor in 1386, who is said by Miss Strickland to have been “one of Richard’s opposers.”

ACT V. SCENE V

Line 8. *Still-breeding*, continually breeding.

9. *This little world*, the microcosm—that is, himself. (See note on III. ii. 153.)

10. *Humours*, the fluids of the human body, the mixture of which was supposed to give a man his “temperament”; hence the temperament or disposition—hence characteristic or wilful turns of disposition such as discontents or scruples.

13. *The word*—that is, the Word of God, the Scriptures; the quotations are from Matthew xix. 14 and 24.

17. *Postern*, a small back gate; “the eye of a needle” was conjectured then, as now, to have been the name of such a gate in the walls of Jerusalem. *Needle’s* is here a monosyllable; the word was often spelled “neeld.”

26. “Console their shame by thinking that many have,” etc.

50. *Numbering clock*, the clock by which he numbers the hours and minutes.

51. *Jar*, move with jerks as well as with a ticking sound.

52. *The outward watch* is the dial or outward face of the clock or watch.

60. *Jack o’ the clock*, the automatic figure which commonly, in great clocks, struck the hours on a bell with a hammer. Such figures may still be seen in York Minster, in Strassburg Cathedral, in the Merceria Gateway at Venice, and elsewhere.

62. *Madmen*, such as King David (1 Samuel xvi. 23) and King Lear.

67. There is a pun here on “royal,” a coin worth thirty groats, or ten shillings, and “noble,” a coin worth twenty groats, or six shillings and eightpence.

## ADDITIONAL NOTES

Richard says that even the twenty-groat noble is too dear by half.

78. Barbary, in North Africa, was famous for its horses, and the name was often given to a particular horse.

99. It was customary for kings to have their food tasted, for fear of poison.

100-1. These words were evidently meant for verse, however irregular. The Keeper, like the Groom, has spoken in verse hitherto, and there is nowhere else any prose passage in the play.

### ACT V. SCENE VI

Line 8. *Oxford*. There was no conspirator named Oxford. The Folio has "Spenser."

26. *More than thou hast*, "some place more reverend than thou hast yet chosen" has been suggested, as a rebuke to the Bishop for his worldly intrigues. But it may be meant graciously by Bolingbroke, to gain over Carlisle; "more" would then mean "more fit for your reverence" than the place in which the Bishop had been confined until now.

## HELPS TO FURTHER STUDY

### I—PLACE OF "RICHARD II." IN SHAKESPEARE'S LIFE

EVERY one of Shakespeare's plays has a treble interest. First in importance, there is the value of the play as a work of art in itself, varying greatly in a scale rising from the adaptations of old and crude plays to the supreme tragedies and dramatic romances which reveal the genius of one spirit alone, full and undiluted. Behind this value there is another : every play has its significant part in the fabric of Shakespeare's dramatic output, for he lived long enough to perfect a style, and to create a whole world almost as various as the life-material which lay about him. The more we hear or see of Shakespeare's work, and reflect on it as a whole, the more we shall get out of each individual play. Thirdly, something further will be added by a knowledge of the mere biographical facts.

Let us take these first. William Shakespeare was born in 1564 at Stratford-on-Avon, and baptized there on April 26th : his father, John Shakespeare, was a tradesman who became Mayor of Stratford four years afterwards ; his mother, Mary Arden, was the daughter of a neighbouring farmer. Towards the end of 1582 William married Anne Hathaway, a farmer's daughter, of Shottery, near Stratford. In the years which followed several children were born to them at Stratford, where Anne continued to reside ; but at some time before the end of 1591 Shakespeare himself had left for London, and had found some kind of employment about the theatres.

## HELPS TO FURTHER STUDY

In March 1592, *Henry VI.*, a "History" or chronicle play, was acted at the Rose Theatre, Southwark, with great success. It had been adapted by Shakespeare from an old piece, and contains about three hundred lines of his own work. The second and third parts of the *Henry VI.* chronicle followed, then *Richard III.* and three comedies—*Love's Labour's Lost*, *The Comedy of Errors*, and *Two Gentlemen of Verona*. With these may be said to have ended the period of Shakespeare's apprenticeship (1591-93).

He was now upon the threshold of success. The first hint of it comes to us from a jealous rival, Robert Greene, who, in the autumn of 1592, wrote bitterly of "an upstart Crow, beautified with our feathers, that with his *Tyger's heart wrapt in a Player's hide* supposes he is as well able to bombast out a blanke verse as the best of you; and being an absolute *Johannes factotum* is, in his owne conceit, the onely Shake-scene in a countrie." This is a clear reference to Shakespeare's own line (3 *Henry VI.*, I. iv. 137): "Oh Tiger's heart wrapt in a woman's hide," and an apology for it was immediately published by Henry Chettle, the printer of Greene's pamphlet, in terms which effectively prove Shakespeare's position and popularity.

The company of actors to which he belonged from 1591 onwards was that of "Lord Strange's Men," and on the death of Lord Strange, in 1594, they were taken over by the Lord Chamberlain (Lord Hunsdon), Queen Elizabeth's cousin, and were known first as "The Chamberlain's Men," and afterwards, under James I., as "The King's Servants." This company was from its first formation the most successful in London. They played at Court nine times in little over a year (1591-93), and Shakespeare is actually recorded as one of their three leading men when they performed before the Queen at Christmas, 1594. This was probably not his first appearance at Court; in any case, he was now entering a period of unparalleled

## RICHARD II

advancement. In the five years which followed, he was popular as a poet and dramatist—already described in 1598 by Francis Meres, a contemporary critic, as the best dramatist of the time both in comedy and tragedy ; at Court he was the friend and associate of great noblemen ; in his native county he was the purchaser of New Place, the best house in Stratford, and the successful applicant to the College of Heralds for a patent of arms : in short, a gentleman of property and position, and at twenty-nine years of age the first man in what was both a great business and a great profession.

The place of *Richard II.* in this wonderful rise to fortune is a remarkable one, both from the social and the literary point of view. It was written, according to Sir Sidney Lee, in 1593 ; according to Mr. Dover Wilson, in 1594 : in either case, it marks the end of the period of apprenticeship and the beginning of the period of lyrical tragedy and of great comedy (1594-1600).

## II—SHAKESPEARE AS JOURNEYMAN AND GENIUS

Besides these briefly noted facts, there is another of a different order, which should never be forgotten when Shakespeare's work is considered. We shall probably go far wrong if we attribute to him any impulse or intention in writing his plays beyond these two which are indisputable—namely, that he was at the same time a great poet and a great entertainer. His conscious object—in fact, his business in life—was to provide successful plays for the stage ; his instinctive impulse, like that of other poets, was to satisfy his own nature by expressing himself in words. He was perhaps the only dramatist who never felt himself hampered by any opposition between these two

## HELPS TO FURTHER STUDY

desires ; it is even easy to believe that he never discovered them to be conflicting. He not infrequently used a story which any one else would have perceived to be unmanageable ; he would even give a play a preposterous and inartistic ending in order to save his audience from disappointment. But he never failed to irradiate the most important scenes with a light which lingers in the memory long after we have forgotten the unrealities of the footlights.

This is in part no doubt due to his unrivalled power of giving life to his characters ; a power derived on the one hand from his keen and varied observation of mankind, and on the other from the abundant vitality of his own spiritual life. His men and women have almost all of them an intelligible soul as well as a visible body ; and, more than that, our acquaintance with them leaves a vivid impression that we have been visiting a world which has an atmosphere of its own, and which is always open for us when we wish to return to it. This is the effect of what is commonly called "the power of personality" ; and in the thought of our own time, especially among poets and philosophers, there is constantly in evidence a belief which should explain it. Thomas Hardy in *The Dynasts* has exhibited men and peoples as mere filaments or emanations of one central Will ; Laurence Binyon, though in a different mood, recognizes that "It is not we who are great, But the cause, the Divine desire"—we are animated by a "flame far-springing from the eternal fire." Rupert Brooke thinks of himself after death as "a pulse in the Eternal Mind" to which he has returned with all the "thoughts by England given" ; Richard Watson Dixon has summed up the creed in his sonnet called "Humanity" :—

"There is a soul above the soul of each,  
A mightier soul, which yet to each belongs."

A man's personality, then, is that essential part of

## RICHARD II

him which is not wholly separate or individual, but belongs to a vaster life, and is therefore at times enabled to draw from a profounder knowledge. The old word "inspiration" has been discredited by a too mean use. We cannot now accept any mechanical theory of agency—we cannot imagine a poet as writing to dictation; but we have only to look at William Shakespeare, the young and ardent actor from Stratford, intently busy over the re-writing of a crude and obsolete story, with every faculty bent to carry his audience with him and give them his vision for theirs, and then to mark in this, as in every true "work of art," how much is added to the necessary logic and rhetoric and craftsmanship. Added by whom? By the young man from the country? Yes, and no. By genius—by power drawn from the vaster and profounder spirit from whose knowledge of life the artist in his greater moments will receive gifts that surprise and surpass himself.

If we believe this we can account for the otherwise hardly intelligible mingling, in some of Shakespeare's plays, of mastery and immaturity, insight and obscurity. We shall feel no longer the trouble expressed by Dr. Johnson, who complains that Shakespeare "seems to write without any moral purpose . . . his precepts and maxims drop casually from him . . . the plots are often so loosely formed that a very slight consideration may improve them; and so carelessly pursued that he seems not always fully to comprehend his own design . . . in many of his plays the latter part is evidently neglected . . . in tragedy his performance seems constantly to be worse, as his labour is more . . . whenever he solicits his invention, or strains his faculties, the offspring of his throes is tumour, meanness, tediousness, and obscurity." In a sense all this is true, but it would never have seemed strange or reprehensible to any one who fixed his imagination on the real Shakespeare, the journeyman and genius at

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work. Moral purposes, perfect plots, artistic endings—these were not consciously before him ; he knew his audience and what they wanted, and gave them that and himself as well.

### III—SHAKESPEARE AS A DRAMATIC POET

Our second point of interest is this : *Richard II.* occupies a unique position in Shakespeare's literary development. It was written at a decisive moment—the moment at which his style and mood were being finally determined, as the resultant of a struggle between two forces—the influence of Greene on the one side, and of Marlowe on the other. The play is thus doubly dramatic, for in it we see not only the contest between Richard and Bolingbroke, but behind that the struggle which Swinburne has described as “ the struggle between the worse and the better genius of the author.” To understand this fully we may follow two separate lines of inquiry. The more important of these will be the examination of the internal evidence contained in the play itself ; but as a preliminary to this it will be useful to study the following table of plays produced during the ten years before *Richard II.* The dates themselves are full of significance, and the student who is really interested in observing the forces at work upon the “ poetic and dramatic adolescence ” of Shakespeare, will find it worth his while to read some or all of the plays—one or both of Peele's, Marlowe's *Edward II.*, and Greene's *Friar Bacon* and *James IV.*

1585-6 . . . .	Marlowe's <i>Tamburlaine</i> —I.
1586-7 . . . .	Marlowe's <i>Tamburlaine</i> —II.
1587-8 . . . .	Marlowe's <i>Faustus</i> .
1588 . . . .	Peele's <i>Edward I.</i>
1589 . . . .	Marlowe's <i>Jew of Malta</i> .

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1590	.	.	.	.	Peele's <i>King John</i> .
1590	.	.	.	.	Marlowe's <i>Edward II</i> .
1590 (?)	.	.	.	.	Greene's <i>Friar Bacon, James IV.</i> , and <i>Orlando Furioso</i> .
1590	.	.	.	.	Shakespeare's <i>Love's Labour's Lost</i> , <i>Two Gentlemen of Verona</i> , and <i>Comedy of Errors</i> .
1591 (?)	.	.	.	.	Shakespeare's <i>Richard III</i> .
1591-2	.	.	.	.	Shakespeare's <i>Henry VI.—I., II.</i> , and <i>III.</i> (Marlowe re-touched).
1591-2	.	.	.	.	<i>Titus Andronicus</i> (re-touched).
1593	.	.	.	.	Theatres closed for last nine months on account of plague.
1594	.	.	.	.	Shakespeare's <i>Richard II.</i> and <i>King John</i> .

In this year, 1594, we know that Marlowe's plays were being given with great success, and it is easy to understand Shakespeare's emulation. Marlowe's genius was for the time pre-eminent, and his plays showed that he had discovered the true fountain of dramatic verse. From him, then, Shakespeare learned both the tragic mood and the tragic style, and it might well have seemed that there was no room left for any other influence than his. Greene's plays, taken by themselves, would not appear as either novel or powerful in a high degree; they are romantic, not tragical, nor, in the true sense, historical. Yet they took hold of Shakespeare. When Swinburne speaks of Greene as the worse genius of Shakespeare he is thinking only of the crisis of 1594. It was no doubt vitally necessary that Shakespeare should eventually throw off such trivialities as Greene allowed himself in verse and rhyme and discover the secret of intensity in portraying the passions; but there is in Greene a happy, careless freedom both of mood and style which are curiously English, and which undoubtedly helped to provide expression for the genial tolerance of Shakespeare's own nature. Greene seems indeed to have been the first to attract him; to any one who knows

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the two plays it is impossible not to see a close affinity between the lyrical dialogues in *Love's Labour's Lost* and the scenes where the Scholar appears in Greene's *Friar Bacon*.

The remarkable thing about the style of *Richard II.* is that in this play Greene's influence reappears after an interval of four years, and in a surprising manner. It was Greene's practice, in his *James IV.*, for example, not only to close a scene or an important speech with one or more rhymed couplets, but to fall into rhyme at odd moments without even the justification of providing a "clinch" or "close." This habit is undoubtedly the survival of a crude and inartistic device, certain to be abandoned in due time as inconsistent with serious drama. Attempts have been made to confirm or revise the dates assigned to Shakespeare's plays by taking account of the presence or absence in them of rhymed couplets; but theories of this kind break down when they can be shown in certain cases to be unquestionably in conflict with the facts. *Richard II.* and *Romeo and Juliet* each contain about six times as many rhymes as any other play of the first ten years, yet they were certainly not the earliest of Shakespeare's works. The rhymes in them are, therefore, a proof that from some cause beyond our knowledge Shakespeare, at the very moment when he had mastered Marlowe's lesson, was strongly and inconsistently subject to the influence of his former model.

The most probable explanation of this lies in the instinctive nature of Shakespeare's work. He undertook the play *Richard II.* as a tragical history, in rivalry with his contemporaries, but he seems to have felt that the character and fate of Richard permeated the whole work with an element which was new both to history and to tragedy. The play is full not only of process and of passion, but also of lyrical beauty created by love and loyalty and by the splendid patriotism which gives to history one of its deepest

meanings. Those who know the play best will probably see most clearly the subtle sufficiency of its form.

### IV—SHAKESPEARE'S HANDLING OF HIS MATERIAL

The material which lay ready to Shakespeare's hand for this play was the English history—one part of which had already been used by the joint authors of *Henry VI.*—called *The Chronicles of Raphaell Holinshed*. But he was to use it now in a freer and more subtle fashion. Two or three plays had lately been produced on the subject of *Richard II.*; he evidently believed that he could do better than these—better than the simple Chronicle play which he had patched some time before; better, perhaps, even than Marlowe's historical tragedy, *Edward II.* He intended, no doubt, to give his audience an entertainment which they could accept as history, and he did, in fact, keep very closely to Holinshed's narrative, as we shall see. But it is clear also that he was moved by a second and deeper impulse—the poet's instinct for self-expression, for embodying his own feelings in an external form. The feelings to which we owe the poetical element in this play are those which form Shakespeare's intuition of Richard, of kingship, of national destiny. Richard is the central figure, the subject is kingship and its tragic possibilities; the light upon it all is the splendour of England's life, in which the reign of any king is only a sunrise and a sunset.

These are things greater than the mere bones of history, and they must be the dramatist's chief concern. He will not hesitate, for their sake, to modify the record of the chronicler here and there—not from disbelief or negligence, or any set intention, but in the natural instinctive effort to give his play the truth



SURREY AND EXETER TRAVELLING FROM  
CONWAY TO CHESTER.

(*Harleian MS.*, 1319.)

of proportion and of significance, rather than a minute accuracy of unimportant detail.

The passage from Holinshed which is given at page 143 of this book will show, if it is compared with Act I, Scene i, in the text, how closely the dramatist follows the historian when he can get from him just what he needs ; and how easily he adapts it for the stage by arrangement and by eloquent dialogue. It only remains for us to mark the principal places in which Shakespeare has felt it desirable to depart from Holinshed, or to supplement him. We have already remarked (pages 9 and 17) on the points of age or relationship in which Shakespeare's account of his *dramatis personæ* is unhistorical. The other changes we will take scene by scene.

I. ii. This scene is wholly invented, in order to in-

## RICHARD II



BOLINGBROKE LEADING KING RICHARD INTO LONDON.  
(*Harleian MS.*, 1319.)

Introduce the pathetic figure of old Gaunt, with his remorse for his part in Gloucester's murder, and so to lay the ground for his later appearance and his reproach against Richard. It comes in well, between the two full-stage trial scenes, i. and iii., which could not have been allowed to stand next one another.

I. iii. 7. Bolingbroke, in Holinshed, enters first, in accordance with his rank ; but here he comes last, for stage effect.

211. Bolingbroke's sentence was really not reduced until six weeks afterwards, when he took farewell of the king and queen at Eltham, on his way to France. But Shakespeare could not afford a separate scene for this.

251-4. The real Earl Marshal, the young Duke of Surrey, was Richard's nephew and an opponent of Bolingbroke. Shakespeare has failed to note this.

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THE DEPOSITION OF RICHARD II. AT CONWAY.

(*Harleian MS.*, 1319.)

II. i. The first part of this great scene, down to line 220, is entirely invented ; and between lines 221 and 278 an interval of five months is suppressed. Gaunt died in February, and Bolingbroke landed in July. But to make a separate short scene for the conspirators would have broken the alternate order of full-stage and front-stage (see page 16).

155 and 217. *To-morrow* is another suppression of historical time—Richard sailed for Ireland in May, not in February.

II. ii. 136. Holinshed says that Wiltshire, Bushy, and Green all fled to Bristol together ; but Shakespeare, needing only two of them for this scene, says Wiltshire is already there.

II. iii. Bolingbroke's meeting with York and Berkeley took place in reality in the church outside the castle—a proof of York's timidity. But a church

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scene would have been less effective for all this display of armed men and fiery-red haste, contrasted intentionally with the melting away of Richard's army in the next scene.

III. i. 43. The mention of Glendower as in command of "complices"—that is, Richard's Welsh troops—is a reasonable guess of Shakespeare's from the statement of Holinshed that Glendower was at Flint: in what position he does not say.

III. ii. 69. This word "yesterday" refers to the dispersal of Richard's force in II. iv. But twenty-four hours is not time enough for the arrival of news from Bristol at Harlech. Shakespeare is so skilful at creating "stage-time," that here, as in other similar places, the audience would not notice the discrepancy.

III. iv. From line 70 it appears that this is the garden of York's house, presumably his country house at Langley. Bolingbroke hears from York, in III. i. 36, that the Queen is there. She was not there, in fact; but Langley makes a good setting for an imaginary scene.

IV. i. Richard never appeared before Parliament at all; the interview between him and Bolingbroke took place in the Tower, on October 1st, when Commissioners from Parliament informed him of his deposition, which had taken place the day before. This scene, therefore, from line 162 to line 318—the dramatic climax of the play—is all of Shakespeare's own invention. The coronation of Henry IV. took place, not on "Wednesday next" (the 8th), but on Monday the 13th; and the turbulent scene of challenges on the floor of the House of Lords not until the 18th. But Shakespeare makes of this a most effective opening for the Deposition.

V. i. This scene is invented (Richard and his Queen never met after April), but no audience could have been satisfied without it, and Shakespeare could not

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have dismissed them without those final words :  
“ Once more adieu ; the rest let sorrow say.”

V. iii. The second part of this scene—the “ Good aunt, stand up ” business—is all invented ; it is intentional anti-climax, or comic relief. See lines 79-83 : “ Our scene is alter’d from a serious thing . . . My dangerous cousin, let your mother in.”

V. v. The incident told by the groom is not in Holinshed, but it may have been suggested by Froissart’s story of Richard’s faithless dog, Math, in Flint Castle.

V. vi. The date of Richard’s death was never known, but the display of his supposed dead body in public did not take place, according to Holinshed, until after the execution of Surrey, Salisbury, and Exeter. Shakespeare inverted the order of those events to show Bolingbroke as completely triumphant in his final scene. And then, as an omen of his miserable after-life, he leaves him thinking of the unwashed blood on his guilty hand.

## V—HOLINSHED’S “ CHRONICLES ” (iii. 493).

### *Shakespeare’s Material for Act I., Scene i.*

“ Now after the dissoluing of the parlement at Shrewsburie, there was a daie appointed about six weeks after, for the king to come vnto Windsor, to heare and to take some order betwixt the two dukes, which had thus appealed ech other. There was a great scaffold erected within the castell of Windsor for the king to sit with the lords and prelats of his realme : and so at the daie appointed, he with the said lords & prelats being come thither and set in their places, the duke of Hereford appellant, and the duke of Norfolke defendant, were sent for to come & appeare before the king, sitting there in his seat of

iustice. And then began sir Iohn Bushie to speake for the king, declaring to the lords how they should vnderstand, that where the duke of Hereford had presented a supplication to the king, who was there set to minister iustice to all men that would demand the same, as appertained to his roiall maiestie, he therefore would now heare what the parties could say one against an other, and withall the king commanded the dukes of Aumarle and Surrie, the one being constable, and the other marshall, to go vnto the two dukes, appellant and defendant, requiring them on his behalfe, to grow to some agreement: and for his part, he would be readie to pardon all that had beene said or doone amisse betwixt them, touching anie harme or dishonor to him or his realme: but they answered both assuredlie, that it was not possible to haue anie peace or agreement made betwixt them.

“When he heard what they had answered, he commanded that they should be brought foorthwith before his presence, to heare what they would say. Herewith an herald in the king’s name with lowd voice commanded the dukes to come before the king, either of them to shew his reason, or else to make peace together without more delaie. When they were come before the king and lords, the king spake himselfe to them, willing them to agree, and make peace together: ‘for it is’ (said he) ‘the best waie ye can take.’ The duke of Norfolke with due reuerence herevnto answered it could not be so brought to passe, his honor saued. Then the king asked of the duke of Hereford, what it was that he demanded of the duke of Norfolke, ‘and what is the matter that ye can not make peace together, and become friends?’

“Then stood foorth a knight; who asking and obtaining licence to speake for the duke of Hereford, said: ‘Right deare and souereigne lord, here is Henrie of Lancaster duke of Hereford and earle of Derby, who saith, and I for him likewise say, that

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Thomas Mowbraie duke of Norfolke is a false and disloiall traitor to you and your roiall maiestie, and to your whole realme : and likewise the duke of Hereford saith, and I for him, that Thomas Mowbraie duke of Norfolke hath receiued eight thousand nobles to pay the souldiers that keepe your towne of Calis, which he hath not doone as he ought : and furthermore the said duke of Norfolke hath beene the occasion of all the treason that hath beene contriued in your realme for the space of these eighteene yeares, & by his false suggestions and malicious counsell, he hath caused to die and to be murdered your right deere vncle, the duke of Glocester, sonne to king Edward. Moreouer, the duke of Hereford saith, and I for him, that he will proue this with his bodie against the bodie of the said duke of Norfolke within lists.' The king herewith waxed angrie, and asked the duke of Hereford if these were his woords, who answered : ' Right deere lord, they are my woords, and hereof I require right, and the battell against him.'

" There was a knight also that asked licence to speake for the duke of Norfolke, and obtaining it, began to answer thus : ' Right deere souereigne lord, here is Thomas Mowbraie duke of Norfolke ; who answereth and saith, and I for him, that all which Henrie of Lancaster hath said and declared (sauing the reuerence due to the king and his counsell) is a lie ; and the said Henrie of Lancaster hath falselie and wickedlie lied as a false and disloiall knight, and both hath beene, and is a traitor against you, your crowne, roiall Maiestie, & realme. This will I proue and defend as becommeth a loiall knight to doo with my bodie against his : right deere lord, I beseech you therefore, and your counsell, that it maie please you in your roiall discretion, to consider and marke, what Henrie of Lancaster duke of Hereford, such a one as he is, hath said.'

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“ The king then demanded of the duke of Norfolke, if these were his woords, and whether he had anie more to saie. The duke of Norfolke then answered for himselfe : ‘ Right deere sir, true it is, that I haue receiued so much gold to paie your people of the towne of Calis ; which I haue doone, and I doo auouch that your towne of Calis is as well kept at your commandement as euer it was at anie time before, and that there neuer hath beene by anie of Calis anie complaint made vnto you of me. Right deere and my souereigne lord, for the voiage that I made into France, about your marriage, I neuer receiued either gold or siluer of you, nor yet for the voiage that the duke of Aumarle & I made into Almane, where we spent great treasure : Marie true it is, that once I laid an ambush to haue slaine the duke of Lancaster, that there sitteth : but neuertheless he hath pardoned me thereof, and there was good peace made betwixt us, for the which I yeeld him hartie thanks. This is that which I haue to answer, and I am readie to defend my selfe against mine aduersarie ; I beseech you therefore of right, and to haue the battell against him in vpright judgement.’

“ After this, when the king had communed with his councell a little, he commanded the two dukes to stand foorth, that their answers might be heard. The k. then caused them once againe to be asked, if they would agree and make peace together, but they both flatlie answered that they would not : and withall the duke of Hereford cast downe his gage, and the duke of Norfolke tooke it up. The king perceiuing this demeanor betwixt them, sware by saint Iohn Baptist, that he would neuer seeke to make peace betwixt them againe. And therefore sir Iohn Bushie in name of the king and his councell declared, that the king and his councell had commanded and ordeined, that they should haue a daie of battell appointed them at Couentrie. . . .”

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### VI—THE READER AND THE PLAY

Why do we read a play or go to see it acted? Possibly to while away an hour or two in pleasure, or in the hope of pleasure. If so, the reason is a good one, for pleasure is a valuable element in human life. Moreover, the pleasure given by a work of art does not merely occupy time, it sets it aside entirely and gives us an escape into the timeless world. There we are no longer hampered by material circumstances, but can look into the picture book of the mind and see an endless variety of scenes, each perfect in itself, which have the appearance of taking place upon "this litel spot of erthe," but belong in reality to an eternal order of existence. It is a fact which we need not try to explain, that the sight of this timeless world, its scenes and struggles, its colour and beauty, the faces of its people, their characteristic actions, even the sound of their speech when we hear it, have a deeper truth and intensity than those which we know in the so-called "real world" of every day. And this truth and intensity have great power on the character and happiness of those who are in any degree fitted to enjoy them.

This is true of all literature, and true in a special manner of dramatic literature, whether read or acted. (They are the same thing—the reader acts the play himself in the theatre of his own mind.) But the pleasures of drama are several, and affect different people in different ways. A reader who has time to reflect might ask himself, for example, whether he reads chiefly for the story or plot, or for the interest of seeing characters clearly or subtly marked, and developing in action, or for the raising and satisfying of certain emotions in himself; and, in such a play as *Richard II.*, whether he gets a peculiar pleasure

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from the brilliant mediæval colour of the scenes, or from the sonorous and poetical language spoken, or from the strong English patriotism which it expresses at certain moments. The inquiry might be pursued in detail. Such questions as the following would serve either for meditation or discussion: Which are the scenes which stand out most memorably? Each reader will have his own answer to this, and his own reason for it. They will depend partly on his understanding of Shakespeare's feeling or aim in presenting his story; partly on the realization of his own tastes or prejudices or associations. On the one hand, therefore, they will teach him something about a great dramatic poet; on the other hand, they will tell him something, which he possibly did not know before, about himself.

It would not take much time or trouble to put down shortly and clearly the main elements in the characters of Richard and of Bolingbroke, as they appear to the reader or to the groups who have seen the play. And the drawing of the sketch would be much sharpened if each characteristic were proved by quotations.

Then such questions as this might be asked: Do the characters of Richard and Bolingbroke seem to you to stand out as more alive, or more individual, than any others in the play? If so, which come next in life and personal flavour, and which are the least distinguished of all? Are any of them more alive at one time than at others?

Again, taking them all together, do these people seem to you to belong to the mediæval or to the Elizabethan kind of life? In other words, do you feel that Shakespeare has succeeded in going back into the minds of a long-past generation of Englishmen, and what passages would you quote as evidence on this point—one way or the other? Are there any passages which strike you as entirely Elizabethan in

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tone, and therefore anachronistic—out of place in a strictly historical view ?

On the other hand, what lines do you feel to be modern or universal in feeling—that is, just as true to human nature, and perhaps to English human nature, as if they had been written to-day ? Remember in considering this that the feeling or thought may be like our own though the actual words may be old-fashioned.

Another and almost more interesting set of questions may be asked about the language of this play. It is an unusual mixture of three kinds of speech. First, though there is actually no prose, in the ordinary sense of the word, some of the verse is poetry only in form, and conveys only such statements of fact or argument as might have been quite as well, or even better, expressed in prose. (In all Shakespeare's plays, except in *Richard II.* and *King John*, the prosaic parts—even whole scenes—are written in prose ; and this use of prose for prosaic purposes marks a distinct advance in dramatic art.) Second, there is in this play an abundance of poetry—that is, of feeling expressed imaginatively, so as to *create* living scenes, living people, living thoughts, instead of merely stating them as pieces of a plot. Nothing could better illustrate the difference between prose and poetry than first to read over a piece of Holinshed's narrative and Shakespeare's representation of the historic scene in which he follows it closely ; and then to turn to such scenes as that of old Gaunt's outbreak, or the Queen's last parting from Richard, invented by the poet to express his own sense of beauty and passion.

But there is a difference, too, even in the less poetical scenes, between Holinshed's and Shakespeare's way of telling the story ; and this is due to the third kind of language, which stands between poetry and prose. It is sometimes called " rhetoric ; " but this word has been spoiled by being so often

used in a depreciatory sense, as meaning not merely ornate or persuasive speech, but insincere speech, with more skill than real feeling behind it. A better word for our purpose is "eloquence," meaning lofty or persuasive speech produced by strong feelings. Now in such scenes as those which Shakespeare took from Holinshed there is often some poetry added, but always the prosaic element is dignified and made convincing by the use of splendid language, which is sometimes only rhetoric (intentionally so in Bolingbroke's speeches throughout, and in Richard's in Act I., Scenes i. and iii.), but often real eloquence—as in Gaunt's great speech and in some of Mowbray's.

This play, then, offers a rare opportunity to those who care to fathom the uses and powers of language. To pick out and reflect on the prosaic, the poetical, and the eloquent lines in the principal scenes would be to sow a crop of very profitable suggestions.

As part of this inquiry—which is again an inquiry into the reader's own nature as well as Shakespeare's—it may further be asked, "How far do I like, or dislike, the sudden change from blank verse to rhyme which occurs so often in this play?" And another question, not without significance, would be, "How much pleasure, or hindrance, do I get from the occurrence of obsolete, unusual, or only half-understood words and phrases? Are they really a trouble, an alien element, or does their very strangeness add a romance or prismatic richness of colour to the language?"

Lastly, there are many interesting observations to be made by any reader who is inclined to study the technique of metre. Only two of these, however, belong more particularly to *Richard II.* than to other plays. One is the broken and abrupt character of the verse allotted to York: this may be the result of errors in the text, but is much more probably a device to express the confusion of thought and

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speech of a weak man in a sudden crisis. The other is the steady development of Shakespeare's blank verse from the stiff "end-stopped" line he inherited from Surrey, Peele, and Marlowe, to the free and flexible style of his later plays, where the unit is no longer the line but the sentence or paragraph, and the mere metre is forgotten in the metrical rhythm which carries the thought right into harbour on a flowing tide of sound.

## APPENDIX

### A. SPECIMEN OF THE DRAMATIC VERSE OF CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE

#### EDWARD II

"The reluctant pangs of abdicating royalty in Edward furnished hints which Shakespeare scarce improved in his *Richard II.*"—C. LAMB.

*Edw.* Here, take my crown ; the life of Edward too ;

*[Taking off the crown.]*

Two kings in England cannot reign at once.

But stay awhile, let me be king till night,

That I may gaze upon the glittering crown ;

So shall my eyes receive their last content,

My head, the latest honour due to it,

And jointly both yield up their wishèd right.

Continue ever, thou celestial sun ;

Let never silent night possess this clime :

Stand still, you watches of the element ;

All times and seasons, rest you at a stay,

That Edward may be still fair England's king ;

But day's bright beam doth vanish fast away,

And needs I must resign my wishèd crown.

Inhuman creatures ! nursed with tiger's milk !

Why gape you for your sovereign's overthrow ?

My diadem I mean, and guiltless life.

See, monsters, see, I'll wear my crown again ;

*[He puts on the crown.]*

What, fear you not the fury of your king ?

But, hapless Edward, thou art fondly led

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They pass not for thy frowns as late they did,  
But seek to make a new-elected king ;  
Which fills my mind with strange despairing thoughts,  
Which thoughts are martyrèd with endless torments,  
And in this torment comfort find I none,  
But that I feel the crown upon my head,  
And therefore let me wear it yet awhile.

*Trus.* My lord, the parliament must have present news,

And therefore say will you resign or no ?

[*The KING rageth.*]

*Edw.* I'll not resign ! but whilst I live be king !

Traitors, be gone ! and join you with Mortimer !

Elect, conspire, install, do what you will :—

Their blood and yours shall seal these treacheries !

*Winch.* This answer we'll return, and so farewell.

*Leices.* Call them again, my lord, and speak them fair ;

For if they go, the prince shall lose his right.

*Edw.* Call thou them back, I have no power to speak.

*Leices.* My lord, the king is willing to resign.

*Winch.* If he be not, let him choose.

*Edw.* O would I might ! but heavens and earth  
conspire

To make me miserable ! Here receive my crown ;

Receive it ? no, these innocent hands of mine

Shall not be guilty of so foul a crime.

He of you all that most desires my blood,

And will be call'd the murtherer of a king,

Take it. What, are you mov'd ? pity you me ?

Then send for unrelenting Mortimer,

And Isabel, whose eyes, being turn'd to steel,

Will sooner sparkle fire than shed a tear.

Yet stay, for rather than I'll look on them,

Here, here ! Now, sweet God of heaven,

[*He gives them the crown.*]

Make me despise this transitory pomp,

And sit for ever enthronized in heaven !

## RICHARD II

Come, death, and with thy fingers close my eyes,  
Or if I live, let me forget myself.

*Winch.* My lord.

*Edw.* Call me not lord ; away—out of my sight :  
Ah, pardon me : grief makes me lunatic.

## B. SPECIMEN OF THE DRAMATIC VERSE OF ROBERT GREENE

### JAMES IV

*All.* Long live fair Dorithea, our true Queene.

*King of Eng.* Long shine the sun of Scotland in her  
pride,

Her father's comfort, and faire Scotland's bride.  
But, Dorithea, since I must depart,  
And leave thee from thy tender mother's charge,  
Let me advise my lovely daughter first  
What best befits her in a forraine land.  
Live, Doll, for many eyes shall look on thee ;  
Have care of honour and the present state ;  
For she that steps to height of Majesty  
Is even the mark whereat the enemy aims.  
Thy virtues shall be construed to vice,  
Thine affable discourse to abject mind :  
If coy, detracting tongues will call thee proud.  
Be therefore wary in this slippery state :  
Honour thy husband, love him as thy life :  
Make choice of friends, as Eagles of their young,  
Who sooth no vice, who flatter not for gain :  
But love such friends as do the truth maintain.  
Think on these lessons when thou art alone,  
And thou shalt live in health when I am gone.

*Dor.* I will engrave these precepts in my heart,  
And as the wind with calmness woos you hence,  
Even so I wish the heavens in all mishaps  
May bless my father with continual grace.

## APPENDIX

*King of Eng.* Then, son, farewell :  
The favouring winds invites us to depart.  
Long circumstance in taking princely leaves  
Is more officious than convenient.  
Brother of Scotland, love me in my child :  
You greet me well, if so you will her good.

*King of Sc.* Then, lovely Doll, and all that favor me,  
Attend to see our English friends at sea :  
Let all their charge depend upon my purse :  
They are our neighbours, by whose kind accord  
We dare attempt the proudest Potentate.  
Only fair Countess, and your daughter, stay,  
With you I have some other thing to say.

[*Exeunt all, in all royalty, save the KING, the  
COUNTRESS, IDA, ATEUKIN.*]

Ideas about kings.

## ON THINKING IT OVER

BY EVELYN SMITH

I. AT the present day it is difficult to realize the full significance of the word "king" as used in Shakespeare's time. The idea of "divine right," based on the kingship of the Old Testament, is that the king is God's anointed, his authority is that of God, and he is responsible to God alone. Whatever may be his ultimate fortune, he is always God's chosen. "Not all the water in the rough rude sea can wash the balm off from an anointed king."

In what way would the events of the sixteenth century tend to strengthen this conception of the kingship?

Do you think that in human nature there is the instinct to place a man in a great position, and to honour and follow him? (Consider ordinary everyday life—the games of children and boys and girls, society in school or village or any small community—and what you know of history and legend.)

A human being in a great place really has two selves—he is not only himself, with his own likes and dislikes and passions, but the expression of what his place stands for. (Those who know the play of *Henry IV.* will perhaps think that the realization of this accounts for and excuses the rejection of Falstaff by the prince when crowned king.) What qualities must a man have successfully to fill high office? What breaks allegiance?

In the play of *Richard II.* how does the sense of his

## ON THINKING IT OVER

greatness and inviolability affect the king's character and the attitude of others towards him, and how does it increase the pathos of the last scenes?

2. It has been said that Shakespeare's plays show the "irony of kingship"—the bitter contrast between the splendid state and sanctity of a king and the reality of his sufferings as a man. Read the thoughts of the successful Bolingbroke when, as king, he cannot sleep (*Henry IV.*, Part II., III. i.), and of his more successful son when, before Agincourt, he realizes the burden of his responsibility and the emptiness of ceremony (*Henry V.*, IV. i.), and compare Richard's "No matter where, of comfort no man speak." In reading history, has this ironic contrast ever struck you?

3. Richard has been described as possessing the "artistic temperament" of the poet—dreamy, fanciful, self-absorbed, unpractical. Where does he show these characteristics? Do you think that this popular notion of the "artistic temperament" is a true one? Does what you know of the great poets, painters, and musicians show them to have been able to cope with what are called the practical affairs of life? What of Shakespeare himself?

The critic Kreyssig refuses to acknowledge that Richard's is the disposition that goes with mental creativeness: "Let no one say that a gifted artist-nature goes to ruin in Richard; the same unbridled fancy, the same boundless but superficial sensibility which wrecks the king would have ruined the poet."

4. Later, in the play of *Henry IV.*, Hotspur speaks of how his kinsmen fought

"To put down Richard, that sweet, lovely rose,  
And plant this thorn, this canker, Bolingbroke."

What descriptions of Richard and Bolingbroke occur in this play? Have they any special significance, coming from the characters who give them?

## RICHARD II

5. Notice how Bolingbroke receives the news of the king's death. Read again the account of how David hears of the death of Saul and Jonathan (2 Samuel i.), and of how John greets the supposed murderer of Prince Arthur (*King John*, IV. ii.). How far do you feel that the emotion is genuine in each case? Where you do feel that it is genuine, from what quality in human nature do you think it arises?

6. Shakespeare often strongly contrasts two characters in the same play. Show how the contrast is worked out between Richard, the ineffectual dreamer, and Bolingbroke, the practical man of action. Compare their behaviour in misfortune, their treatment of other men, their return to England, etc.

7. Professor Dowden says that Richard has a fine feeling for "situations." Illustrate this from the play.

8. A cosmopolitan is a "citizen of the world," who boasts himself free from national prejudices.

A patriot is devoted to his fatherland as a realization, more or less perfect, of the ideal country.

A "jingo" has an aggressive pride in his country, belittling all other nations in comparison with it.

What do you think is the gain or loss of each of these points of view? Describe the patriotism which, through various characters, Shakespeare expresses in this play.

9. Carlyle, analyzing the tragedy of Burns's failure in life, attributes it in part to the non-development of one part of his character. "The world still appears to him, as to the young, in borrowed colours; he expects from it what it cannot give to any man, seeks for contentment, not within himself, in action and wise effort, but from without, in the kindness of circumstance. . . . He would be happy, not actively and in himself, but passively and from some ideal cornucopia of enjoyments not earned by his own labour, but showered on him by the beneficence of destiny. Thus, like a young man, he cannot gird

## ON THINKING IT OVER

himself up for any worthy, well-calculated goal . . . to the last cannot reach the only true happiness of a man, that of clear, decided activity in the sphere for which, by nature and circumstances, he has been fitted and appointed."

Professor Dowden thinks much the same of Richard II. "If we extend this characteristic of boyishness from the intellect to the entire character, we may understand much of what Shakespeare meant to represent in the person of Richard II." What episodes in the play bear out this interpretation? How far does it appeal to you?

10. Sentimentality is the indulgence of our sensibilities—our feelings of love, pity, regret, etc.—for their own sake—that is, for the luxury of the mood itself. A writer sometimes attempts to force a sentimental mood upon his readers, and though he will please some he will certainly revolt others. Can you think of any book you have read which has irritated you by its sentimentality, as Sterne's novels did Thackeray? ("He fatigues me with his uneasy appeals to my sentimental faculties. He is always looking in my face, watching his effect. . . . 'Own now that I'm very clever—do cry now, you can't resist this.'") In drama any such attempt would be a very serious defect. A person in the play may be sentimental, if that is part of his character; but the playwright must leave the audience to see and judge for themselves. He may stir pity, but if he indulges it for its own sake and not for the purpose of character-study, he ceases to be a dramatist. Is Richard sentimental about himself? Is he sentimentally treated by Shakespeare? (Notice the effect of the comments by Carlisle, the Queen, etc.)

11. This play is closely connected with two others—*Henry IV.* and *Henry V.* Have you noticed any passages which suggest another story to follow?

12. "Shakespeare always in the first scenes pre-

## RICHARD II

pares for the catastrophe." What, during the opening or "exposition" of the play, makes you feel that some sort of disaster will come?

13. All tragedy shows conflict. In the struggle with his enemy or enemies the hero is really contending with some characteristic of human nature, which, belonging to him, yet fights against his "success" more fatally than an external foe could do. Trace this conflict in Richard II.

14. Where should you say the crisis, or turning-point, of Richard's fortunes occurs? After it has come is there any hope that his tragedy may be averted?

15. It is doubtful whether any historical play ever written has *exactly* followed historical fact. The playwright is creating—making a new thing, not merely repeating an old one. This creative act and the very nature of the stage compel the omission of certain parts of the material, and suggest that others should be emphasized. If you see any of Mr. Drinkwater's chronicle plays, or Miss Dane's *Will Shakespeare*, or a historical pageant on the modern stage, and read the story of the dramatized events in a book which gives facts alone, you will notice changes and adaptations. If you try your hand at dramatizing some period of English or Scottish history, you will find the necessity of certain re-arrangements and inventions, and most probably will discover how characters begin to grow of themselves.

Lessing, the German critic and dramatist, thought that the poet might depart from historic truth "in all that does not concern the characters, as far as he pleases. The characters alone are sacred in his eyes: to enforce them, to put them in the most telling light, is all that he is permitted to do. The smallest essential alteration would remove the reason for which he gives them the names they bear."

How far do you consider departure from historical truth justifiable? What is the dramatic value of

## ON THINKING IT OVER

each of the following departures from Holinshed : (a) The Queen, really a little girl of nine at this time, appears as a young woman. (b) Mowbray, evidently one of the best-hated nobles in the country, is, on the whole, a fine and chivalrous figure. (c) Gaunt, a scheming and self-seeking politician, becomes a noble and fearless old patriot. (d) The introduction of the characters of the gardeners and the groom. (e) The invented scenes of Gaunt's death (II. i.) and Richard's deposition (IV. i. 162). (f) The invented episode of Bolingbroke riding "roan Barbary." (g) The time change in V. ii., where Bolingbroke and Richard enter London on the same day, the dethroned king immediately following the usurper, instead of, as in fact, on two successive days.

16. "*Richard II.* may be considered as the first of that series of English historical plays in which 'is hung armour of the invincible knights of old,' in which their hearts seem to strike against their coats of mail, where their blood tingles for the fight, and words are but the harbingers of blows. . . . The truth is that there is neither truth nor honour in all these noble persons : they answer words with words, as they do blows with blows, in mere self-defence ; nor have they any principle whatever but that of courage in maintaining any wrong they dare commit, or any falsehood which they find it useful to assert." How does this criticism of Hazlitt's strike you ? Consider it with regard to the scene between Bolingbroke and Mowbray, and that between Fitzwater and Aumerle, and their respective supporters.

17. If you are studying the history of the English language, notice—

(a) The Shakespearean use of : *advice, antic, allow, annoyance, approved, argument, atone, attach, baffle, climate, commend, complexion, conceit, convey, eager, envy, favour, fond, inherit, lodge, owe, pine, power, presently, purchase, securely, shrewd, suggest, tall,*

## RICHARD II

*yearned*—and compare it with the use of these words in modern English.

(b) Words common in Shakespeare's time, and now out of date—such as *beshrew*, *sooth*, *wot*, *boot*, *caitiff*, *cozen*, *forfend*, *gage*, *glose*, *to imp*, *kern*, *knot*, *liege*, *manage* (noun), *parle*, *pelting*, *recreant*.

(c) Words connected with law and the tournament, and the language from which most of these are derived.

18. In watching a Shakespearean play acted it is sometimes surprising to find that things not of much account while reading spring into strong relief, while what is dwelt upon with pleasure in reading (such as a single lovely line or phrase) often loses value on the stage. If you see *Richard II.* in the theatre, notice the different effects and pleasures of the stage representation and the play as read.

19. Mark the phrases and passages in *Richard II.* that give you most pleasure now; in ten years read the play again, and find what will delight you.

## FOR YOUNGER READERS

1. What qualities make Bolingbroke win success, and Richard suffer failure? Do you think that Bolingbroke's life as a king will be an altogether easy one?

2. What descriptions of Richard and Bolingbroke are given by various characters in the play?

3. Where do you think Gaunt and York show themselves to be patriots?

4. In reading Act I. and Act II., Scene i., what makes you feel that disaster will befall Richard?

5. It is often said that a man's worst enemy is himself. Do you think that this is true of King Richard?

6. Describe in a few sentences the position of Richard and Bolingbroke at the beginning of the play. Show how, step by step, the fortunes of Richard decline and those of Bolingbroke advance.

## ON THINKING IT OVER

7. Upon what does Richard rely when he hears of Bolingbroke's rebellion? What do you think are his faults as a king? What characters in the play try to make him see these, and who try to persuade him, though not with much hope of success, to rouse himself and resist Bolingbroke?

8. Make headings for the five acts, thus:—Act I.: "Richard banishes Bolingbroke."

9. (a) Who are the "caterpillars of the commonwealth"? Why is this a good description of them?

(b) Describe the comparison (in III. iv.) of the State with a garden, and of the rule of the good king with the art of the gardener.

10. Draw, or describe in words how you would like to draw, the picture that comes into your mind with—

"Suppose the singing birds musicians,  
The grass whereon thou treadest the presence strewed,  
The flowers fair ladies, and thy steps no more  
Than a delightful measure, or a dance";

and with—

"Within the hollow crown  
That rounds the mortal temples of a king  
Keeps Death his court, and there the antic sits  
Scoffing his state and grinning at his pomp."

11. Make a plan or a drawing of lists, showing where the spectators sat, the king's throne, the position of the knights, etc. If you can borrow an *Encyclopædia Britannica* for reference, you will find some interesting pictures between pages 104 and 105, in Vol. XXVII.

Notice carefully the etiquette of the combat-at-arms.

What exactly is the meaning of these words: *lists*, *herald*, *appellant*, *champion*, *marshal*, *lance*, *casque*, *recreant*, *gage*, *impeach*, *baffle*?

## RICHARD II

These words (with perhaps the exception of *baffle*) come into our language through the Norman-French. How would you account for this?

12. Make a map of England, and mark on it the different places mentioned in the play, after you have read the scenes connected with them.

13. Learn by heart—

I. i. "My dear, dear lord. . . ." (10 lines).

iii. "The language I have learn'd," to  
"harmony" (7 lines).

"All places that the eye of heaven  
visits" (19 lines).

II. i. "O, but they say the tongues of dying  
men" (10 lines).

"This royal throne of kings." (19 lines).

III. ii. "No matter where; of comfort no man  
speak" (27 lines).

iii. "What must the king do now?" (33 lines).

IV. i. "I give this heavy weight from off my  
head" (19 lines).

V. i. "Music do I hear?" (26 lines).

Speak these passages slowly and clearly, and try to give full expression to their meaning and beauty. A very dramatic delivery is not necessary or desirable when they are detached from their places in the play.

14. If parts of the play are acted in the form-room or at home, and there is not time to learn long speeches, "cuts" may be made. Thus, in the quarrel between Mowbray and Bolingbroke, which is a lively scene to act, the following lines may be omitted: 23 and 24, "Until . . . crown"; 32 and 33, "Tendering . . . hate"; 39 to 42, "Thou . . . fly"; 51 to 66, "The blood . . . foot"; 70 to 77, "Disclaiming . . . devise"; 85 and 86, "It . . . him"; 93 and 94, "Or . . . eye"; 101 to 103, "Suggest

## ON THINKING IT OVER

. . . blood " (substituting " whose " for " which " in 104); 111 to 123, " O . . . allow " (substituting " now " for " then " in 124); 129 to 131, " For . . . queen " ; 142 to 151, " This . . . day " ; 153 to 155, " Let's . . . incision."

In shortening other passages, do not let your " cuts " interfere with the run of the blank verse or the spirit of the whole scene.

THE END

MANUSCRIPT NOTES

Rich — reflected  
brill & fant. extrar  
of time — art. love  
of color, symbolism  
& pagantry

Lost hearts of  
commoners by tale  
& nobles by fines

Not warred as  
father but extrar  
in peace.

Leased Kingdom  
Irish wars  
Day late

At 1st dismayed  
& then comforted  
by divine light

Inconsistent  
Love turns to hate  
Rich surrenders  
without struggle

---

Boling

No religious  
comfort  
not cruel as  
he is strong

















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